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THE SPHERE

Vol. CLVIII No. 2059 — WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC — JULY 8 1939

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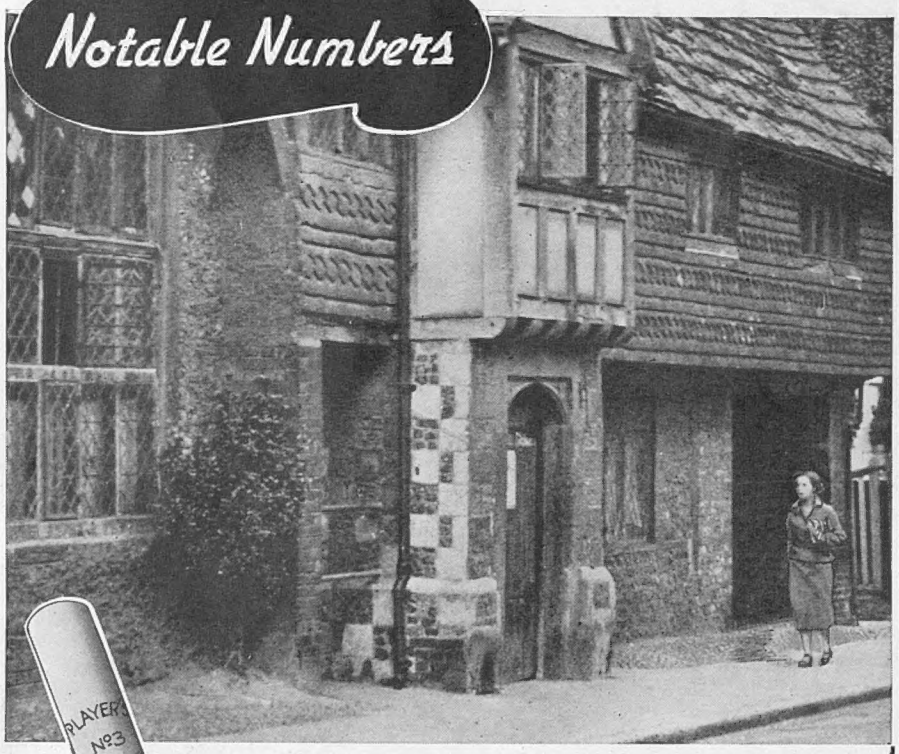
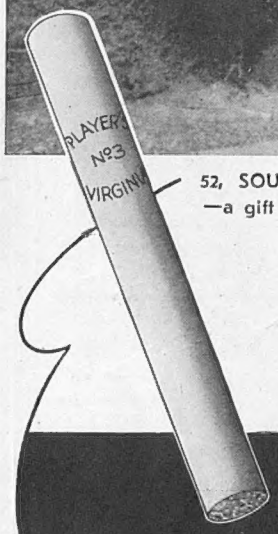


52, SOUTHOVER, HIGH STREET, LEWES. Anne of Cleve's House —a gift from Henry VIII to the Queen on her divorce.

The individual charm of this old place serves to remind one of another number notable to-day — Player's No. 3 — a cigarette of distinctive character and charm, with a reputation for giving that little extra quality and enjoyment.



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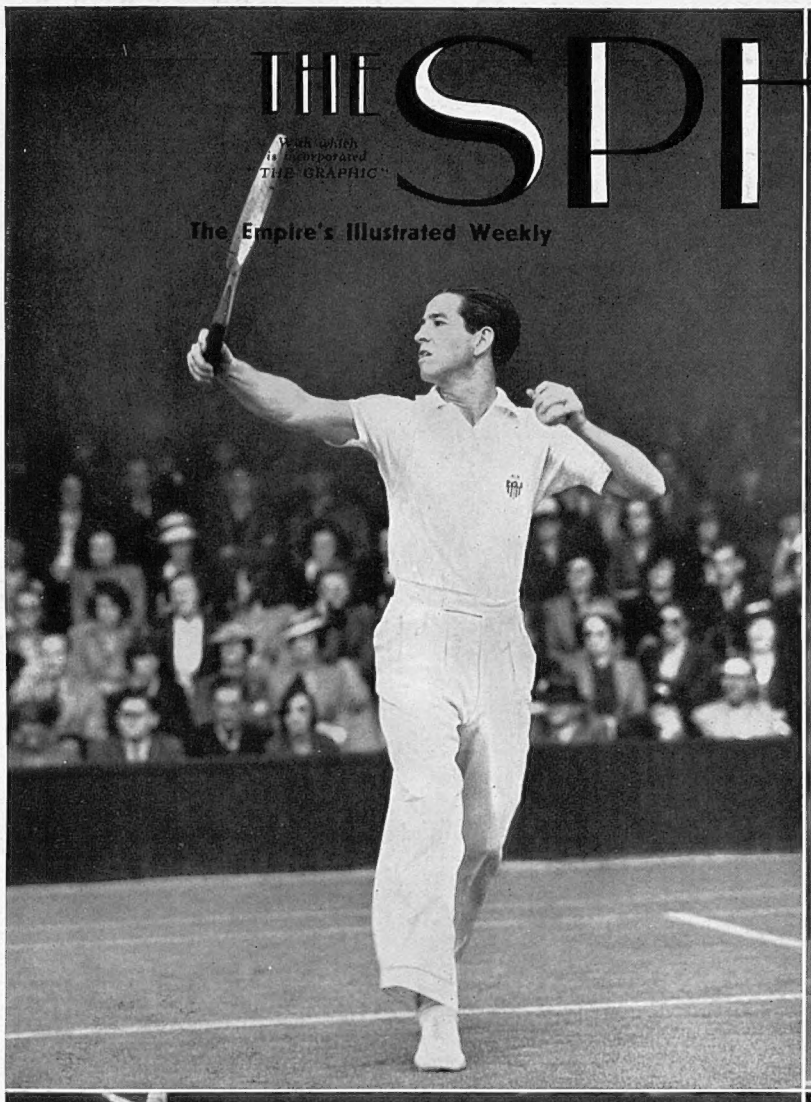
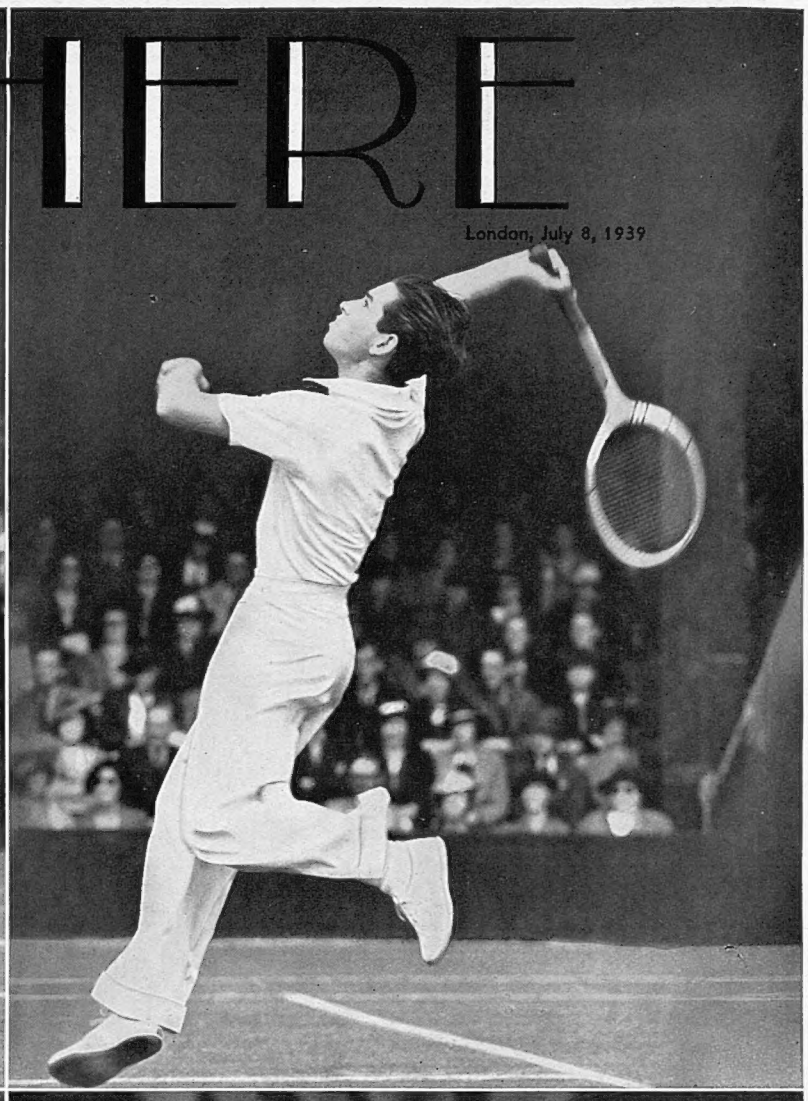
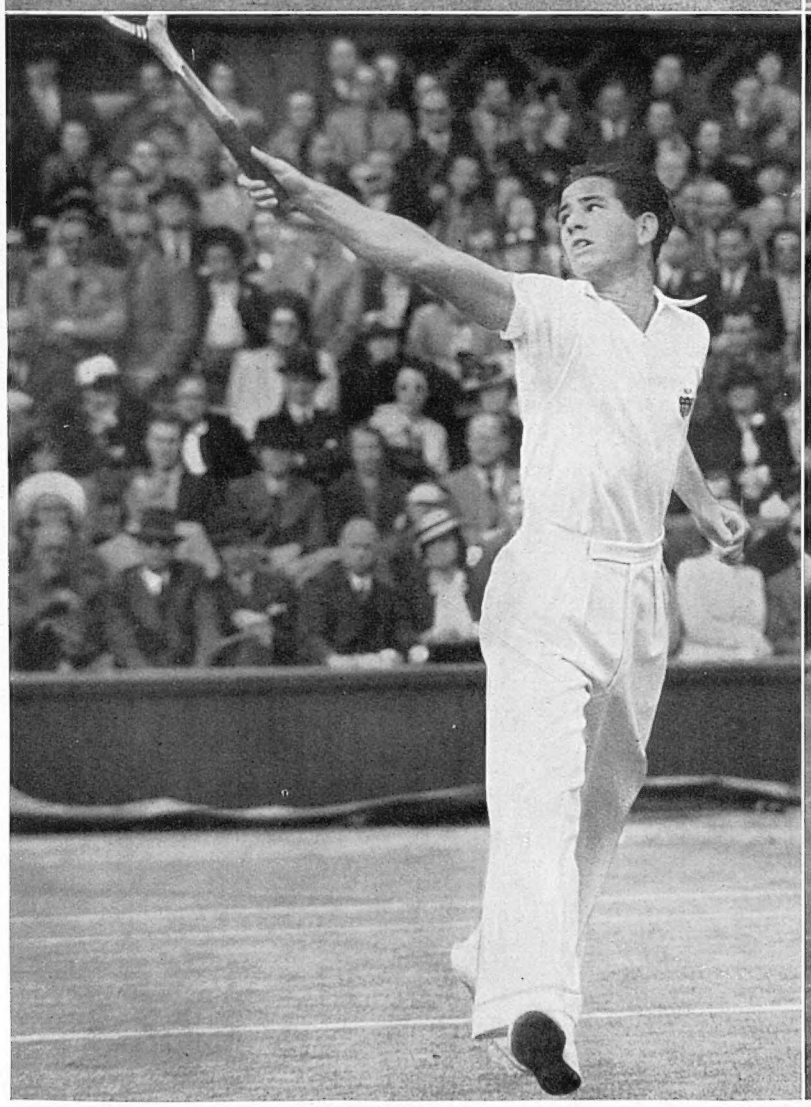
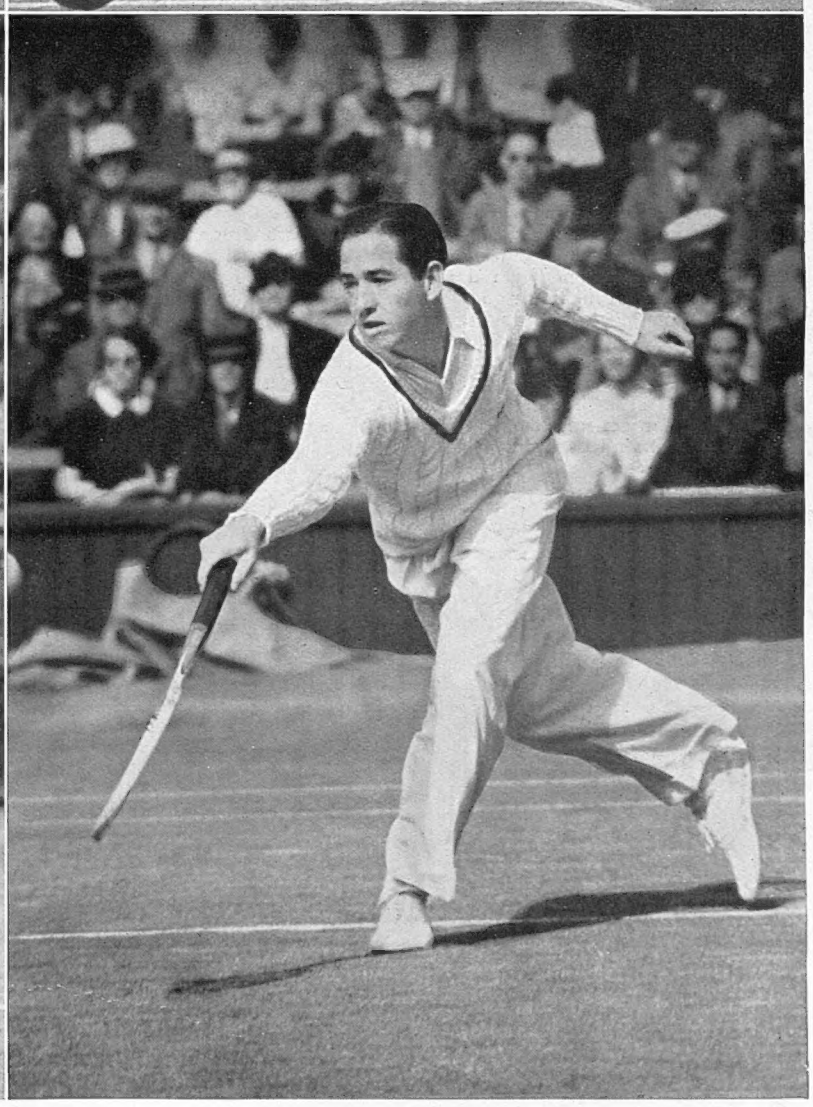
THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, July 8, 1939









AMERICA'S HOPE in the WIMBLEDON of 1939

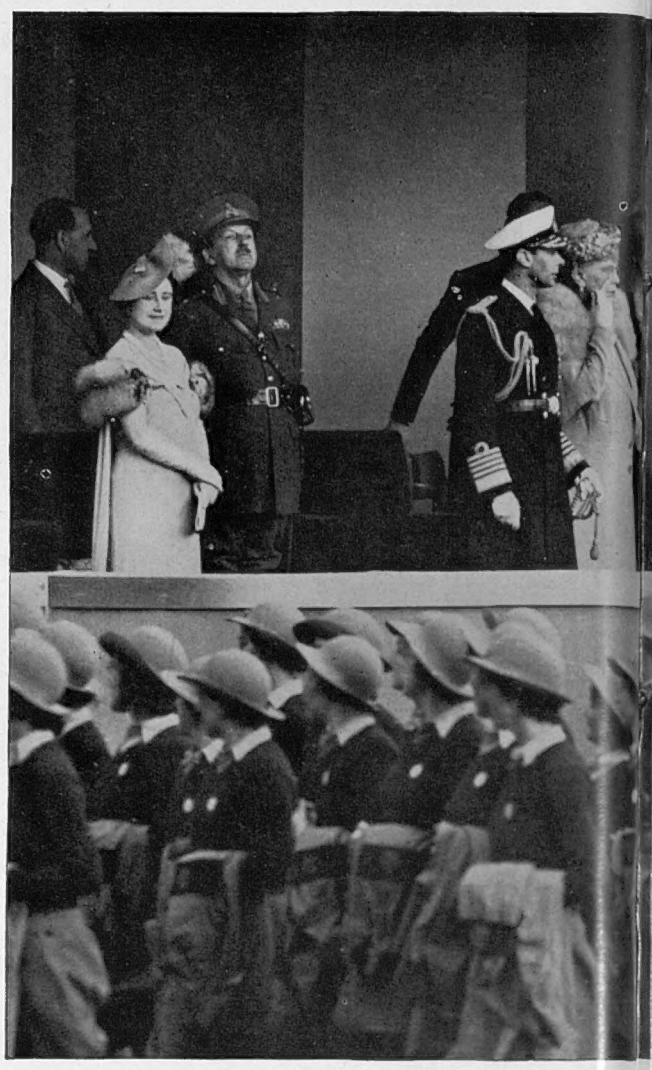
Four Studies of R. L. Riggs in Play

R. L. Riggs, No. 1 of the American team, is a newcomer to Wimbledon. The tennis experts, of course, knew his capabilities and were aware of his recent defeat at Auteuil by D. McNeill. But to the generality he was an unknown quantity and his play was watched with keen interest in order to gauge his quality. This was not at first an easy matter. He has a confident air, touched with a note of carelessness at times. In physique he is of medium height with no exceptional length of limb. In his fight with Shayes, the British player, on Saturday last, he played much from the base court in orthodox fashion. It was not until he met Ghaus Mohammed, the Indian player, that his possibilities were more fully revealed. As one correspondent records: The efficiency of Riggs' smooth, swift drive, executed with a full, rhythmical swing and follow-through, was greatly admired, but his whole game, tuned up to championship pitch at last, was potent as well as ornate from both sections of the court

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

THANKSGIVING AT WESTMINSTER: The King being greeted by the Dean when, together with the Queen, he attended service at Westminster Abbey. It was the usual morning service but a note of thanksgiving for the safe return of Their Majesties from their recent tour made it a special occasion. The congregation, which filled the Abbey to its utmost capacity, was composed almost entirely of members of the general public who "had come together as a family in God's house to join in worship with our King and Queen"

A LONDON



IN LINCOLN GREEN: Girls of the Women's Land Army as they marched past the Royal box last Sunday afternoon on the occasion

32-34 ST. BRIDE STREET, E.C.4
Wednesday, July 5, 1939

LORD HALIFAX'S SPEECH.

—Lord Halifax has none of the tricks or even the art of a great political orator. But his character shines through his words, and we know and admire his character. He made to Chatham House a speech notable for its frankness, resolution, moderation, lucidity, and range. There is still a hope that it may do good, although every other nail he drove in was but a new peg for Nazi insults and propaganda, and every other sentence was but another red rag for the bull. He put his finger on the crux. Each side to-day wants acts, not words, before it can be convinced of the intentions of the other. Only resolute action can persuade Germany that Britain means to resist further aggression. Only a clear act of co-operation can persuade Britain that Germany does not deliberately seek to plunge the world in blood or to bring it to bankruptcy by continuing indefinitely the spirit of uncertainty and the race in armaments. Yet to speak is the statesman's métier, and Lord Halifax spoke as his character dictated and convinced and pleased all who need no convincing and are free to approve of an honest man's declaration.

THE MUNICH POLICY RE-EXAMINED.

—And now? Nine long and bitter months have gone by since Munich. In those months the strain, the bitterness of disappointment, the anxiety of continual crises and criticism have left their mark on the Premier. None can doubt that or withhold him sympathy. Nine months ago most of the sane world hailed him as the saviour of civilisation. Of late inevitably many of us were beginning to ask ourselves if civilisation was saved only for a worse fate. In those dark months the British Empire and the name of Britain have been trailed in the mire and men in every sphere of life have come to feel more keen anxiety about the fate of the Empire than about the probability of another world war. In China intolerable insults have been daily meted out to British subjects by yellow soldiers. Palestine is a scene of everlasting outrage and bloodshed. Other parts of the Empire are abnormally unquiet, as more and more the good name and good faith and prestige of Britain are besmirched by intense enemy propaganda. Our relations with Germany are as bitter to-day as at any time during the great war. To every gesture, every word of appeasement, Germany, through the loud tongues of Goebbels and others, replies with insults and defiance and turns a deaf ear to reason and evidence. How long would we continue, in the face of proofs, to believe that still there is a chance to speak to a "not ill-disposed" German people and to dispel the myth of encirclement and force a change in German public opinion which will alter the policy of her leaders? There seemed no such hope. Strength alone can save us, strength of alliances against aggression, strength of armaments, and now and onwards a belief in the effectiveness of that strength, and in the determination and unity of the Empire. Hitherto, we have played for time and for that purpose played with words. The bitterest humiliations we have ever known in our history have come to us from this inevitable policy of marking time.

A BUILDING IN A STATE OF SIEGE: Bailiffs assisted by a force of police recently broke through a barricade outside a tenement building in Langdale Street, Stepney, E., where the tenants had been on a rent strike for twenty weeks. After a conference lasting several hours the landlords agreed to accede to the tenants' demands for lower rents

FAITH IN OUR STRENGTH.

—But the end of patience and of compromise has come. We must now regain some faith in the efficiency of what we have built up of defence and banish some of the exaggerated dread of the greater efficiency of the armed strength and resources of the Axis powers. If we suffered the humiliations to go much farther, the strongest weapon of all in the trials which may be before us would be destroyed, our own pride in our race and destiny and traditions, our morale—and with it the respect and trust of our allies. With us and our allies, still and even now, the ultimate preponderance of resources remains. If war comes, we ultimately must win it, if we lose, as so often before, the first rounds; and if much goes down in the dread process. We who loathe war most had begun to feel that our patience and faith in Mr. Chamberlain's policy was nearly exhausted and that there are greater agonies to be endured in staving off than in facing the supreme and terrible issue. Who knows what a resolute front might yet accomplish? Who knows on which side the bluff is the greater? After each crisis, after each compromise, after each submission, in the past years of humiliation and retreat, clear evidence has come in of Germany's amazement that we did not call her bluff. And to-day we are sick to the heart of mere words and diplomatic warnings, of patience under intolerable insults, of every manifestation of our own lack of confidence and of our dread of the power of the aggressors. To a race in armaments, there is only one economic end—bankruptcy for all—however it end. And history shows that it ends sooner or later one way—in war. We are not yet in a posture to defend ourselves? Who is ever ready for that dreadful necessity? Who knows on which side the terror of war is the greater and the risk of war, too? And are we wrong in reaching at last the conclusion that even now the time for empty words of polite warning and meek answers is past and that we must test the true minds of the nations of peace and of aggression by resolute action and not by the tongue's compromise? Can anything be worse than the humiliation of the past months? And may not resolution achieve more for peace than meekness under insult and compromise, where we have to deal with peoples who grow daily more convinced that we as a race are too flabby to resist aggression? Lord Halifax, I took it, holds that view to-day.

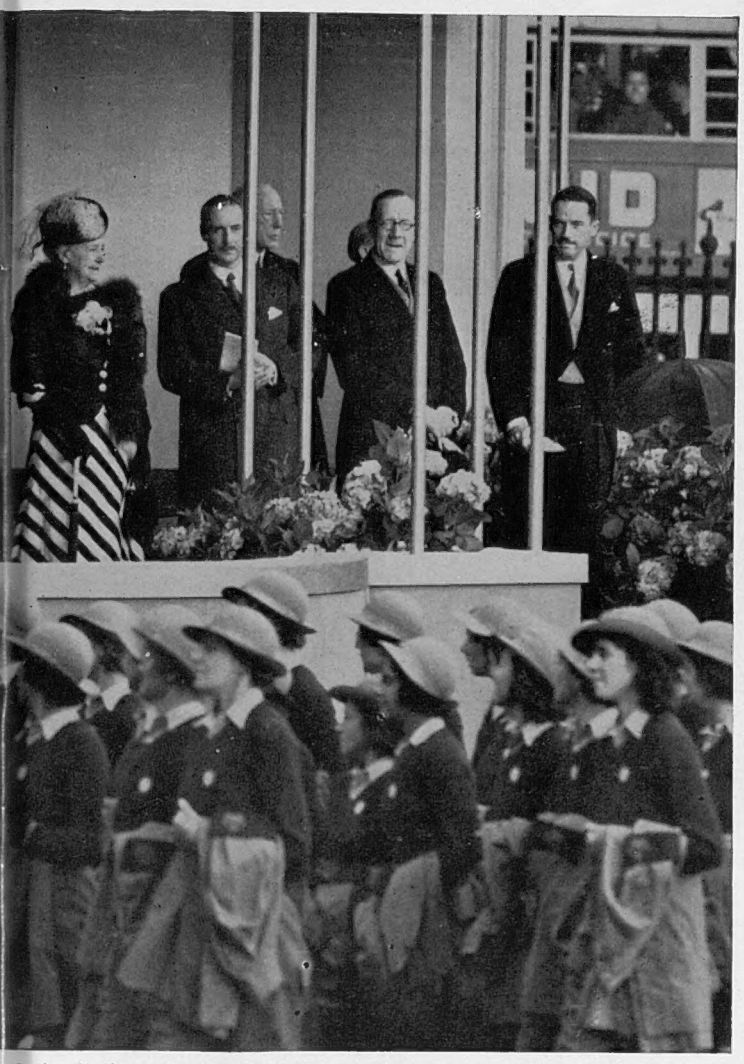
CONSTANCE, LADY LECONFIELD.

—This was a noble lady who has died at the great age of ninety-three. In a world sick and embittered with hatred, fear, indignity and strident vulgarity, her life, example and standards take us back to a lost world. A sister of Lord Rosebery, to whom she was devoted and by whom she was constantly needed, she was a staunch Liberal who married into a stronghold of Conservatism. She was born in the inner circle of privilege in the days of privilege and she stood for all that was great, and was the antithesis of all that was base, in the conception of aristocracy. She had good intelligence, true religion, a strong character and the highest sense of the responsibilities of great possessions and a great position. But of all her qualities, those which chiefly marked her out as a great lady and a noble woman were her simplicity, her dignity, her courage and her humility. Nature and circumstances had plentifully favoured her but could not spoil her. One instance may prove it. At the age of ninety and onwards she still elected to act as secretary of a small welfare committee in which she was interested which was directed by younger women, most of whom possessed only a tithe of her experience and ability.

THE PRICE OF ANXIETY.

—The Land Registration statistics, periodically issued, are the best index of business done in the property market and the property market is one of the clearest indices of the trend of business and the state of public confidence and

NEWSLETTER



of the National Service Rally held in Hyde Park. Their colourful uniform consists of khaki breeches and shirts with bright green woollen jumpers

VIEWING THE TREASURES IN THE KING'S FORMER PICCADILLY HOME: In aid of charity, the rooms of 145, Piccadilly, have been thrown open to the public. The furnishing of some of the apartments has been reconstructed with the actual pieces used by the Royal Family, notably the Princesses' bedroom. Other rooms contain a large number of historic treasures

initiative. The returns for a certain period of one Land Registry Area, comprising parts of outer London and of Surrey, usually show during the period a profit of £40,000—that is the average. In this return there is shown a deficit of £10,000. These are significant figures, revealing the total loss of confidence which these times engender. It is no question of lack of money. None can find a medium for investment of surplus money. Initiative and confidence have simply dried up.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS AND TRADITIONS.—The headmaster of Repton, a school noted for its discipline and one which has set its face against soft living, made some speech-day announcements which deserve a record because they indicated that the wishes, and perhaps even the pockets, of the unfortunate parents of public school boys were to be consulted at last and consideration given to changing times. Repton boys used to dress in Eton jackets. A few years ago the Eton jacket—most ridiculous of all coat patterns—was abolished and "tails"—next in absurdity—substituted. Now "tails" are to go and instead an ordinary suit will be worn "of some kind of cloth made up to allow greater freedom and less to divide the Reptonian from his fellow-countrymen." The words used are important. Repton has decided to disregard traditions in dress which handicap the freedom of the boys' movements and add to the costs of education, and to take note of the great changes in our social life and manner of thought which have come and will come in larger measure. Will Eton ever follow that lead? Or will she walk, still blindfold, over the brink? The value of tradition, especially in preserving esprit de corps in regiments and public schools, is not lost on anyone who has been a soldier or a public school boy. But to fail to distinguish between the essential and the non-essential traditions is the sorriest form of myopia. Whatever come now, world war, continued tension, or real appeasement, we all know that there can be no going back to the "age of privilege," and no marking-time in the continual levelling down of the privileged classes. The processes of democratisation steadily continue in peace. We have watched that advance for forty years under both conditions. Under war conditions the advance is only more rapid. And now whatever come, the armaments have got to be paid for and no sane man doubts that the incomes of parents capable of spending £350 a year to keep a boy at a public school will in the next ten years receive no relief from taxation. As clearly, the trend of social evolution condemns those traditions which "divide a public school boy from his fellow countrymen." Traditions which make for needless expense, which interfere with health and freedom of movement, which keep in place class-barriers, are rotten traditions and those who cling to them are blind and deaf. The school authorities who refuse to take note of social and political changes and the difficulties even now massing ahead for the public schools are the arch-ostriches of our generation and deserve the fate in store for them.

PUBLIC EXECUTIONS.—It is good to know that no more public executions will take place in France. It has always seemed to me a hideous blot on a nation remarkable for its taste and culture that these spectacles, so degrading to natures hungry for sensation, have been so long permitted. I believe Arnold Bennett used to be widely read in France, and if literature can achieve reforms, as we believe it can, I should have thought his genius might have accomplished the reform unaided. In the *Old Wives' Tale* he describes a public execution in France with a realism terrible enough to convince any person who can read of the disgrace of such public spectacles.

SKY SHOUTING.—For once in a way the Government has looked ahead in a matter of domestic interest and decided to prohibit an evil at a stage before vested interests have grown too powerful to be denied their "rights." The record of every government since the war in checking the senseless and tasteless destruction of natural beauty, dignity and peace has been deplorable. Our south coast is a continuous museum of indecency from Bournemouth to Southend, and the countryside has developed itself unchecked on lines not much less beastly. Here and there, kicked from behind, a government has made a tardy effort to check (too late) further desecration. Usually the justification for looking on and doing nothing has been the urgency of more important matters and a virtuous anxiety not to interfere with the business initiative of the individual. So it is commendable in the present government that at a time of intense preoccupation with urgent matters it should have found time to kill, and not merely scotch, the beastly practice of "sky shouting" and to put a period to other uses of the sky for advertising purposes.

THE CAT.—Sir Samuel Hoare, in his humane desire to reform the criminal code and to bring it into line with modern thought, has ranged against him the opinions, constantly expressed, of many experienced judges as to the danger of abolishing flogging. Several judges have for years been urging its extension to cover, as a deterrent punishment, cases of sexual violence to women and children. The force of these warnings from the Bench—where experience is most authoritative—continually grows in strength. It is a tremendous responsibility which Sir Samuel takes. And so think a large proportion of the House of Commons. Two hundred members signed an amendment seeking to delete the abolition clause from the Bill. Already amendments to enable corporal punishment to be imposed for sexual offences have been defeated. In this matter of deterrent punishment women, on the whole, are harder than men on their own sex and on children. The weight of legal opinion against the Home Secretary on this point has probably never been so heavy in any question of reform of the criminal code in history.

H.P. TAX.—Sir John Simon has seen his Budget proposals fading out of his picture one by one. The film interests got in early and his excise duty on films is gone, and the repeal of the patent medicines' stamp duty is postponed for a year. It was a pity the motor interests could not get in earlier, because however strong the opposition, and however justly based, to the huge increase in the h.p. tax, human nature intervened to urge the Chancellor to save his face by refusing further concessions—short of a defeat in Parliament, he could not but stand firm.

THE OLD STAGER

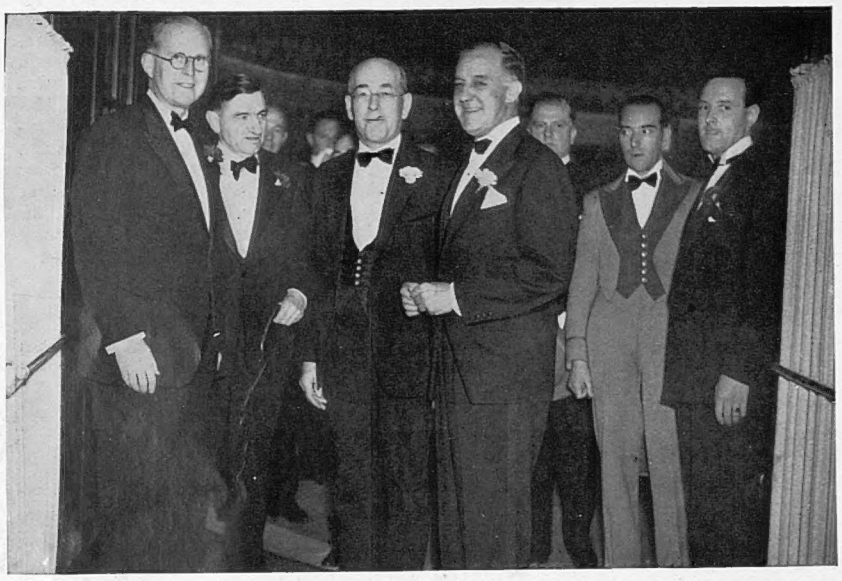
THE GILBERT AND SULLIVAN OPERAS

An illustrated record of the famous Savoy operas has been prepared by "The Sphere," giving newly-taken pictures both in colour and photogravure. Price 3s. 6d. To be obtained from the Publisher, "The Sphere" Office, 32 St. Bride Street, E.C.4.

SOUTH WALES' NEW RESERVOIR: The Mayor of Newport, Alderman J. R. Wardell, unveiling a commemoration tablet on the occasion of the official opening of the town's new £1,000,000 reservoir at Talybont. It has taken nineteen years to complete, and is capable of supplying Newport daily with 10,000,000 gallons of water

THE ATLANTIC: The Passenger Service Comes

THE START OF THE FIRST PASSENGER CARRYING SERVICE ACROSS THE ATLANTIC: Some of the twenty-one occupants, representative of the U.S. Government, Congress and aeronautical circles, as they boarded the Pan American Airways flying-boat *Yankee Clipper* at Port Washington (Long Island) prior to her departure for this country on June 24. On arrival at Shediac, New Brunswick, on the same day, she encountered heavy fog and was delayed for a period of three days



TRANSATLANTIC JOURNEY CELEBRATION: Mr. Joseph P. Kennedy, the American Ambassador, with some of the passengers of the *Yankee Clipper* to whom he gave a party at the London Casino on the night after their arrival. All those who flew in the flying-boat said that the voyage had been a pleasant one

BEARER OF AN HONOURED NAME: The new S.S. *Mauretania* steaming up the North River at the end of her seven-day maiden voyage to America. As she passed Manhattan's towering skyscrapers she was given a raucous welcome by all the craft in harbour. Like many of the passengers her commander, Captain A. T. Brown, spoke at the end of the voyage of the complete absence of vibration in the ship

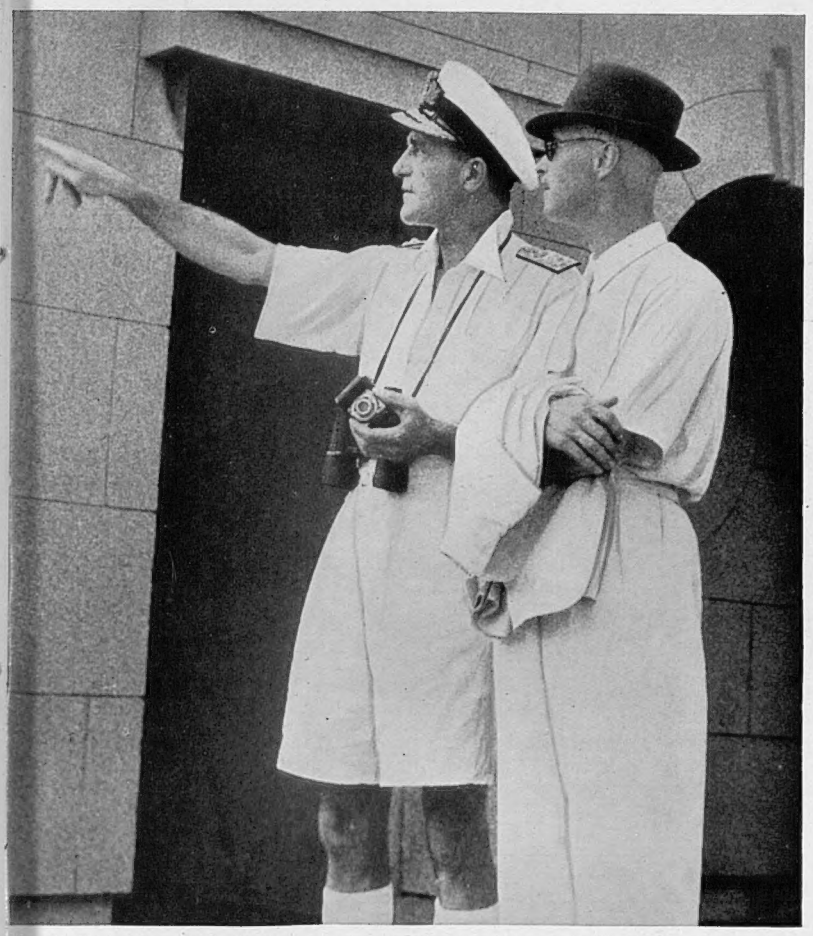
DANZIG: The Cockpit of Tension and Poland's Defensive Measures

POLAND FLANKS DANZIG WITH STEEL: Polish heavy artillery near the Polish-Danzig frontier. Scenes such as this are witnessed daily as the Polish Government brings up armed forces in preparation to defend its territory against any sudden attack

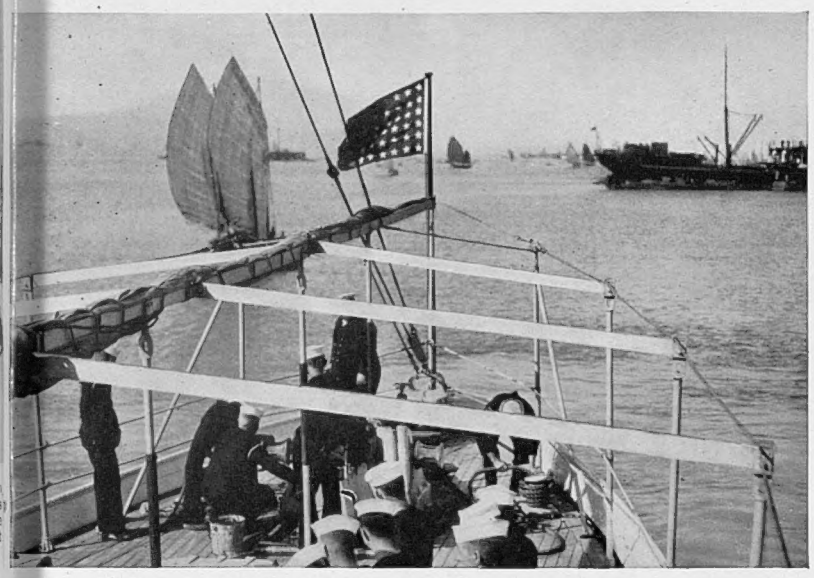
"SEA WEEK" CELEBRATIONS IN POLAND: Throughout the country and especially in Warsaw, thousands of people marched through the streets carrying banners bearing slogans stressing Poland's resolution to defend Danzig and Gdynia, the country's only sea ports. At the conclusion of the celebrations, President Moscicki addressed the nation in a radio speech

BLESSING THE POLISH NAVY: During the Eucharistic Congress at Gdynia last week-end a great procession, headed by the Primate of Poland, Cardinal Hlond, passed through the city towards the harbour where the ships of the navy were visited, this being the first ceremony of its kind ever to take place in Poland. The Blessed Sacrament was solemnly borne aboard the vessels of the fleet including the flag-ship *Pomoranien* flying the flag of Vice-Admiral Unrug

TIENTSIN: Strained Situations at Ports and Foreign Concessions



THE MAN OF THE MOMENT: Rear-Admiral R. V. Holt (left) whose primary job, doubly arduous at the present moment, is to command the British Yangtse Flotilla. He is usually designated as "Rear-Admiral, Yangtse"

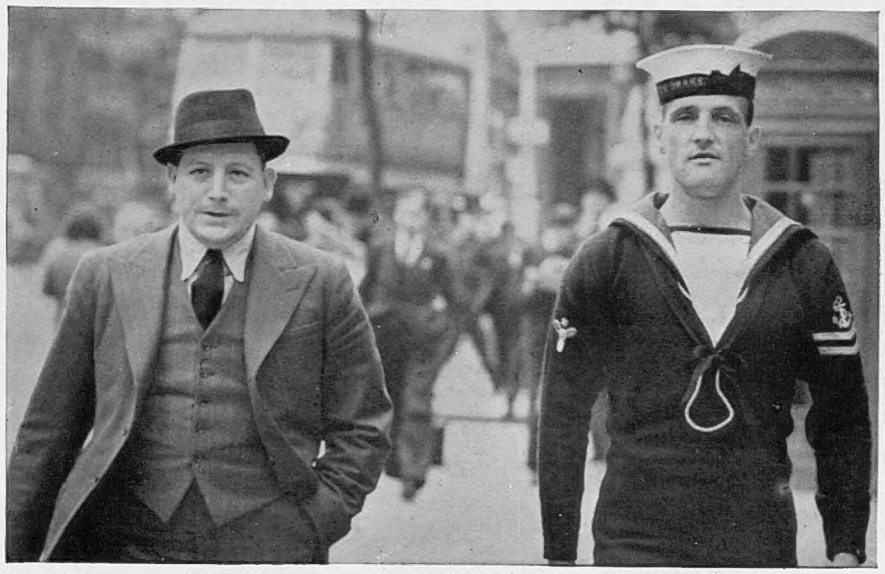


DEFYING THE JAPANESE ULTIMATUM: A view of Swatow harbour seen from the deck of the U.S.S. *Isabel* as she lay at anchor in the port. Recently the U.S.S. *Pilsbury* and the British destroyer *Thanet* defied a Japanese order that they get out of Swatow, and reinforced their position with the U.S.S. *John D. Pope* and the British destroyer *H-51*

THE SCENE OF THE JAPANESE INSULTS: This picture illustrates the inconvenience suffered alike by Britons and Chinese when attempting to pass the Japanese barriers around the British Concession at Tientsin. It was at this point that three Englishmen, Mr. H. J. Lord, Mr. G. N. Willis and Mr. Jack Burton, were forced to strip whilst submitting to a search by the Japanese sentries

THE "THETIS": Scenes on the First Day of the Official Inquiry

"THETIS" DISASTER INQUIRY OPENS: In the left hand picture is seen Captain Oram, who was the first to be saved from the submarine, while on the right is Lieut. Woods, who also ascended to the surface by the Davis escape apparatus. They are seen as they left the Law Courts last Monday, the first day of the public inquiry before Mr. Justice Bucknill. Their evidence revealed a story of great heroism



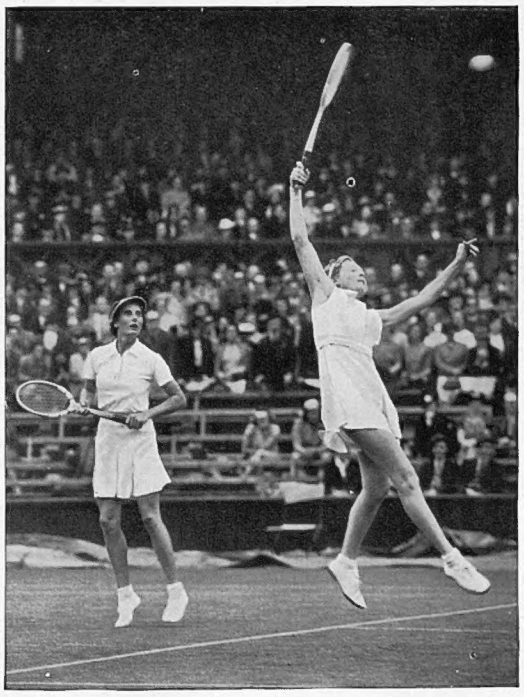
THE SURVIVORS TELL THEIR STORY: Leading-Stoker Arnold, in uniform, and Mr. Shaw, of Messrs. Cammell Laird, were two important witnesses at the inquiry as they were the only other survivors in Britain's greatest submarine tragedy

MR. JUSTICE BUCKNILL who is conducting the inquiry set up by Parliament to investigate the loss of the ill-fated submarine. Mr. Justice Bucknill, seen on the right, has had considerable experience of Admiralty cases and is descended from a famous legal family. The tribunal has been set up under the Tribunals of Inquiry (Evidence) Act, 1921, with powers of the High Court to take evidence on oath and enforce the attendance of witnesses

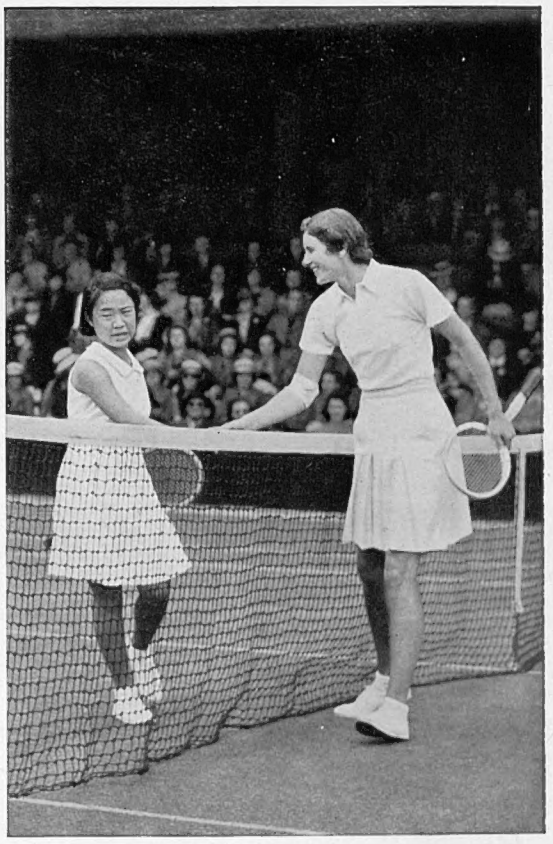
WIMBLEDON, 1939

Some Initial Stages of the First Eight Days' Play

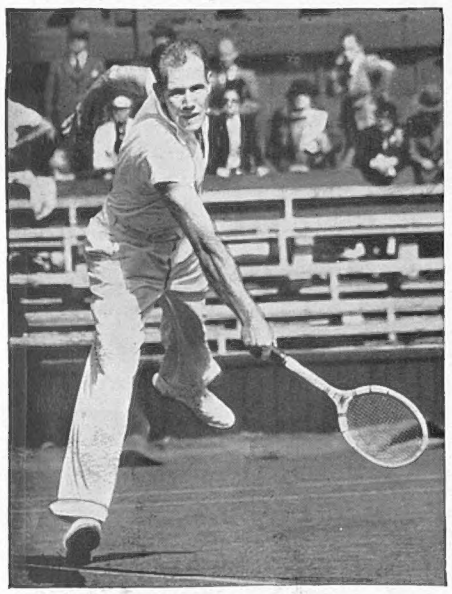
ONE OF THE OPENING PAIRS: A charming youthful pair, but the bigger girl, Jean Nicoll, did not seem to have acquired the nerve for the Centre Court and lost to Miss D. A. Huntbach



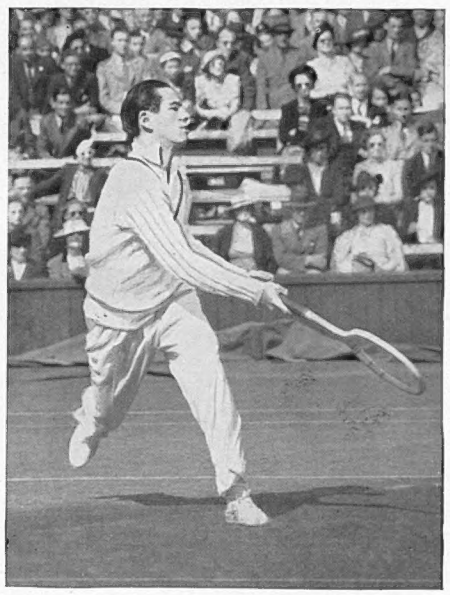
A BRITISH PAIR WIN THEIR FIGHT IN THE WOMEN'S DOUBLES: Mrs. S. H. Hammersley (right), with Kay Stammers in play against Mlle Jedrzejowska and Madame Mathieu



AND HERE'S THE LONG AND THE SHORT OF IT: Gem Hoahing (G.B.) had to face tall Mrs. Sperling (Denmark) and she did not win, as this picture taken at the net records



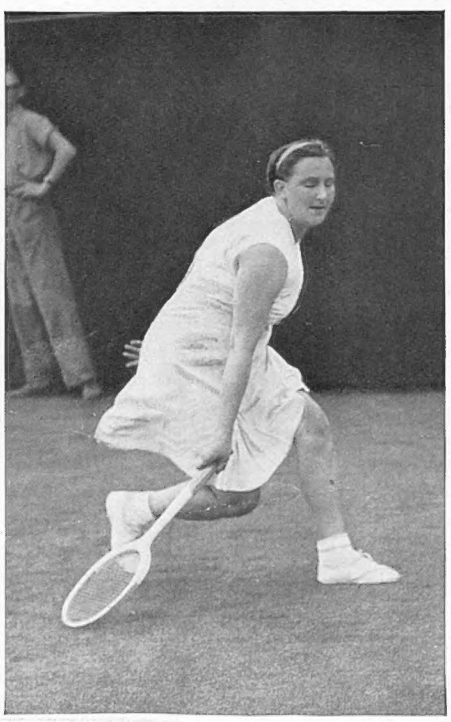
AN AMERICAN BEATEN: E. Smith, a Californian schoolmaster, beat F. Cejnar but subsequently was conquered by F. Puncec



THE HOPE OF THE U.S.A.: R. L. Riggs in play against R. A. Shayes, the British player, whom he beat 7—5, 6—8, 6—4, 6—3

HELD THE BRITISH FLAG ALOFT FOR A TIME: Shayes put up a four-set fight against Riggs, U.S.A., on Saturday before a big audience, playing strongly in the first two sets

A PRETTY STROKE FROM MISS HARDWICK: The English girl playing on the Centre Court on Saturday beat her opponent 7—5, 9—7



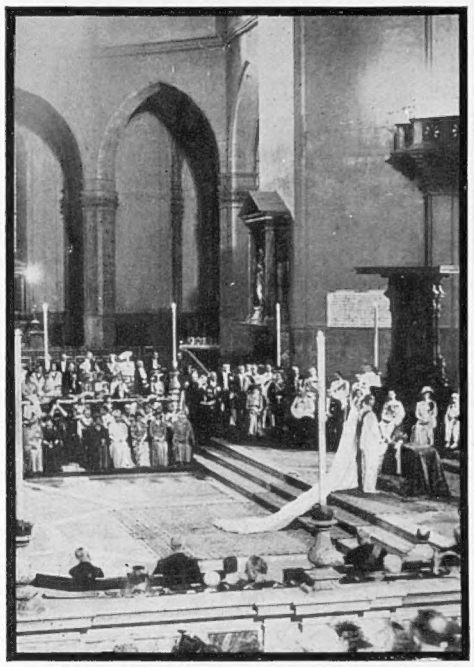
CAME GALLANTLY THROUGH FIRST WEEK: Mrs. D. L. Little (Dorothy Round) fought well but fell out on Monday

A PRETTY FOLLOW THROUGH FROM MISS G. WHEELER: Though slight of arm, Miss Wheeler's stroke is delivered in brilliant fashion as may be seen in this picture

ROYAL WEDDING in FLORENCE

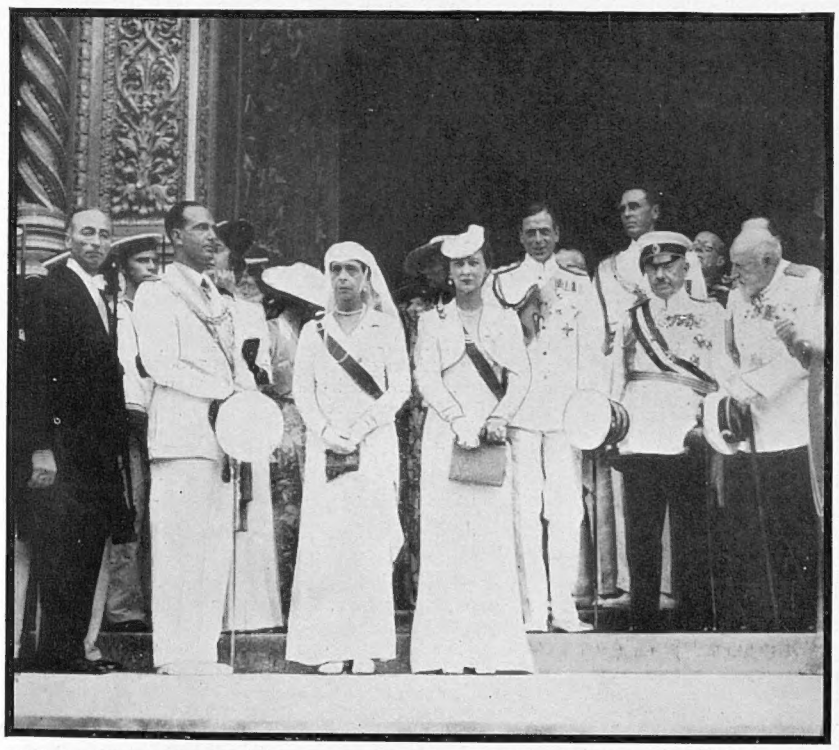
The Duke and Duchess of Kent Attend the Marriage of the Duke of Spoleto and Princess Irene of Greece

BY AIR TO FLORENCE: Their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Kent as they arrived at Hendon Aerodrome to travel to Florence. Wing-Commander E. H. Fielder, the King's pilot, who flew the machine, is seen greeting the Duchess



THE NUPTIAL MASS: A view inside the Cathedral of Santa Maria del Fiore during the ceremony. Mgr. Beccaria, the King's chaplain, officiated. The bride was given away by her brother, the King of the Hellenes

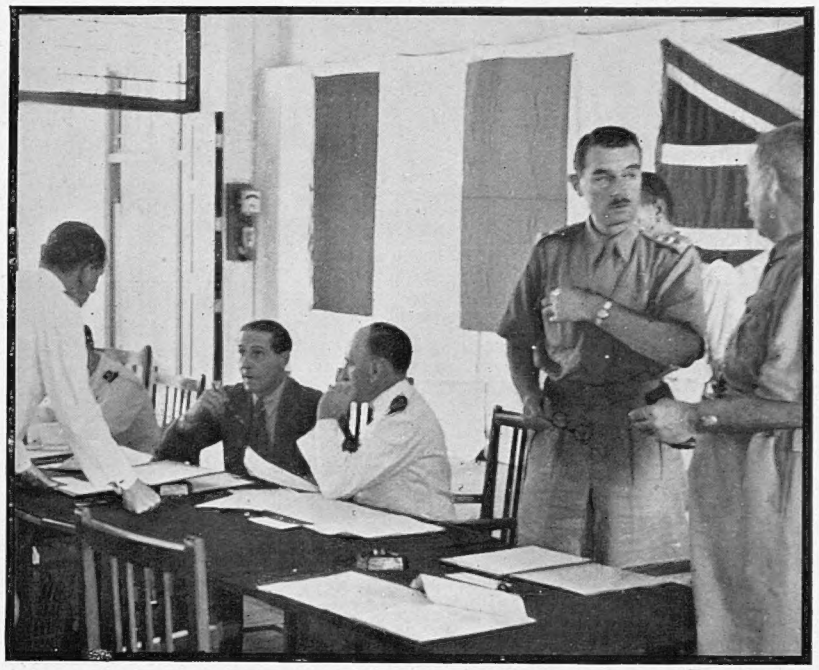
THE BRIDE AND GROOM: The Duke and Duchess of Spoleto on the steps of the cathedral after the wedding. The Duke is resplendent in white uniform



THE GUESTS IN GLITTERING ARRAY: In this group can be seen the Duke of Piedmont; Princess Nicholas of Greece, mother of the Duchess of Kent; the Duke and Duchess of Kent; and ex-King Ferdinand of Bulgaria. The bridal couple left in a specially built motor car which represented the wedding present of the King and Queen of Italy

A SURVEY of FOREIGN EVENTS

The Defence Conference at Singapore, A Memorial Service for the Men of the "Phénix," and the Earthquake in the Gold Coast



THE ANGLO-FRENCH CONFERENCE IN SINGAPORE: Personalities who attended the conference on foreign defence measures to be adopted in the Far East. From left to right: Commander Brownfield, Naval Attaché, Siam; Admiral Sir P. Noble; Air-Marshal Joubert de la Ferté, A.O.C. India; Commodore MacGregor, Naval Chief of Staff; Colonel Miles; and Major-General Dobbie, G.O.C. Malaya

MEMORIAL SERVICE: A view of the interior of Saigon Cathedral during the memorial service for the men who lost their lives in the French submarine *Phenix*, which recently sank and failed to rise again

EARTHQUAKE ON THE GOLD COAST: A ruined garage in the Gold Coast Colony, where a recent earthquake resulted in the deaths of over sixty people and much damage to property. The earth tremors were very violent and were felt over a wide area, the centre of the disturbance being at Accra

TENNIS : Fortune Goes Against the British Men Players

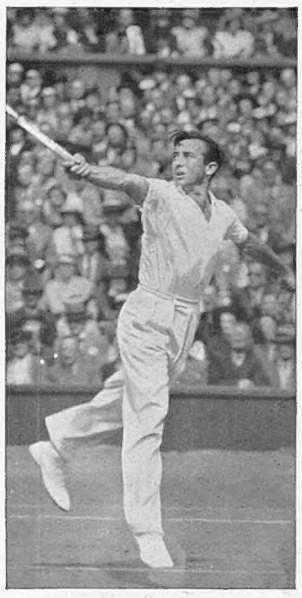
BEFORE the years of F. J. Perry's dominance at Wimbledon, the second Monday of Wimbledon became known as "Black Monday," because that fateful day usually saw the last of the Englishmen beaten by overseas players.

And so this year we are back once more to what may be called the "pre-Perry age" and not one Englishman reached the last four. Truth to tell, only one, H. W. Austin, reached the last eight, four others were eliminated in the previous round. At the moment of writing, one Englishwoman, Miss K. Stammers, lives to carry the flag for at least another day.

The defeat of Austin by E. T. Cooke, the sixth seeded player and seventh ranking American, at the gateway to the semi-final by the shattering score of 6—3, 6—0, 6—1 was not only disastrous for this Wimbledon but also signified that Austin's great lawn tennis career has, in all probability, reached its conclusion.

It was not only that this defeat robbed the men's singles of its chief interest but also the feeling that we have seen the last of Austin's greatness that seems so sad. No one can deny that Austin has been a great player, although two unsuccessful finals is the best he can show at Wimbledon. His Davis Cup record with gigantic wins over such as H. E. Vines, J. D. Budge and F. X. Shields, to quote three outstanding Americans, allow him to wear the hallmark of greatness.

While Austin was unevenly progressing his path to the last eight, having struggles with young players such as J. Asboth (Hungary) and the left-handed J. Drobny (Bohemia-Moravia) who retired after losing two advantage sets because of a bad arm, Cooke was quietly, almost unobtrusively, sauntering through his matches. Few took much notice of him. He dropped a set to C. Boussus (France) and played advantage sets against G. L. Rogers (Eire) and G.E. Godsell (G.B.), but when he met J. S. Olliff (G.B.) he revealed his true hand. Cooke, in fact, is an American Austin endowed with a tactical brain, all the shots and no great severity usually associated with Americans.



E. T. COOKE, the American player who defeated Austin with a display of precise tactical hitting

There are always surprises during Wimbledon's first week. This year was no exception and on the opening day a nineteen-year-old boy from Coventry, A. J. Mottram, defeated the international, E. J. Filby, in five sets. Mottram's entry for the British Hard Courts Championship was refused on the grounds that he was not good enough. Those of us who had seen him at his own club's tournament, Priory L.T.C., Birmingham, knew that he was. He was accepted at Wimbledon after a strong representation from a northern official. And Mottram won through two rounds. He is, one hopes, a player with a future. We certainly need such in this country.

Then three seeded players disappeared. This, too, was no real exception because the eight seeds have never gone through, one or two have always been beaten. But the defeat of R. Menzel (Germany) revealed in his conqueror, E. Smith (America), a most likeable personality. An unknown such as Wimbledon crowds love. Tall and slightly bent, Smith, a schoolteacher from California, who does not appear in the current American ranking list, became known as Mr. Smith of America. He is on vacation here. But in the quarter-final a strained shoulder negatived all Mr. Smith's good work and he went out to F. Puncec (Yugoslavia). Smith was Wimbledon's best server and, on a damp day, Menzel was beaten by service.

The second beaten seed was D. McNeill (America), the reigning French champion. He went on the same day as Menzel, to F. Kukuljevic (Yugoslavia), who had beaten Austin at Queen's Club. McNeill was unhappy on the damp grass. But he is young and will return to greater things. The third was I. Tloczynski (Poland) who, at the age of nineteen, had come half-way across Europe and found Wimbledon as an unknown without being able to speak a word of English, French, or German. Tloczynski fell to the Indian, Ghaus Mohammed, who went on to reach the last eight, where he met the grinning, aping R. L. Riggs (America) waiting with a whiplash. Riggs, like Cooke, waited until the last moment before showing his hand. He gave Ghaus no quarter, whereas he had toyed with his previous opponents. Six games was all Ghaus could collect in three sets. Riggs has had a deal of fun sliding about the courts like a schoolboy on an icy Hampstead common and bouncing balls on his racket edge. Now he is serious—for once.

KAY STAMMERS (left) WINS PLACE FOR BRITAIN IN SEMI-FINALS: The success of Katherine Stammers on Court No. 1 on Tuesday last was very welcome. She played a brilliant game of angled returns which out-manœuvred the popular Miss Jacobs. Both players looked a little solemn as they faced a court packed to capacity

The women have created what I believe to be a precedent. The complete eight seeded players arrived without mishap in the last eight. In doing so none, except Mrs. S. P. Fabyan (America), was ever in danger.

But, although the women have so far only played a minor part in the theatre of Wimbledon, there was, on the first day, a pathetic little story. Playing her first match at Wimbledon, Miss J. Nicoll, the 16-year-old junior champion, went out to Miss D. A. Huntbach on the Centre Court. The authorities have been criticised for putting Miss Nicoll, receiving her Wimbledon baptism, on the Centre Court. She suffered, as one suggested she might last week, from Centre Court nerves—a disorder which can be imagined by many but experienced by few.

But I believe the authorities were right. Sooner or later Miss Nicoll would have to brave the Centre Court. Perhaps against a seasoned player. Then the effect would have been worse. This time she had a distinct chance to win against an average player. But Miss Nicoll is human, and very young.

Roy McKelvie

A.R.P. : The Possibility of a Permanent Service and Other Developments of the Month

MICHELANGELO'S "David," and Axis propaganda, both go naked and unashamed. There is something of the dignity of a nude statue above a crowd of roughs in Britain's steady refusal to be jockeyed into a false step by Japanese obscenities at Tientsin. The style, of course, is the man; but allowance must be made for growing restiveness at the splendid self-control that refuses to help the Nazi by playing the Nazi game.

As in the last war, so in this present war, Teutonic calculation makes its large fatal mistake. No one in the world is so fully equipped to win the "war of nerves" as is the Briton. The Nazi leads right up to our strongest suit. Slow to wrathful action, when once well in the fray—as he now is—the bulldog is too stupid to know when to let go. That is the way his nerves "give way." In practice, we just hang on—and win. It is not our fault; it is the fault of our climate. The colder our June wind blows, the closer we clutch our protective clothing. In bloodless war our habit is the same.

But Nazi calculation must by now be convicted of another fatal mistake. "It is not our devotion to peace that is in doubt anywhere; it is our determination, if necessary, to fight."

Aware of all this, we make the grave announcement that A.R.P. "may" be made a permanent Service, with the quaint implication that it is an afterthought. This is our way of gently breaking to ourselves decisions we arrived at long ago, but dared not whisper lest we wake the baby. The only question was, how? And the leisurely procedure of months has thrown some light on it.

Now the householder is squarely asked the one question with which he is intimately concerned: Forgetting all about "the authorities," have you decided exactly what you will do (and in what order) during the first half-hour of a raid due to come off at 12 o'clock to-night? Don't evade the direct purport of the question by replying that you will be "guided by circumstances." That is merely saying you don't know. And in that case the circumstances won't guide you. They'll only rattle you more than you are going to be rattled in any case. I can afford to be a little dictatorial because I have my own answer pat. I would make sure that I had my pipe, tobacco and matches in my pocket.

Various means of stabilising recruiting and attendance of A.R.P. workers are being discussed by Sir John Anderson and his advisers, and it may be assumed that these include the possibility of providing for all A.R.P. workers some distinctive uniform to be worn on peace-time duty. The badge, which is now publicly advertised for sale, is not a sufficient indication of the warden's status even if he could be persuaded to wear it. Another step under consideration is payment of bounty to volunteers who have completed their training, on the lines adopted by the Territorial Army. This, again, is no new idea. It merely indicates that the time is ripe for its application. It is time, in short, that A.R.P. personnel must be on a more permanent basis.

A crying need is for more training for the warden in emergency first-aid knowledge, which, ideally, should be part of the A.R.P. equipment of every householder. A rough-and-ready working knowledge, maybe—that bandage would never pass medical college inspection—but serviceable for those first fateful moments when life or death may depend on doing the right thing or the wrong. It is the warden, not the trained first-aid squad, who will come first in contact with the casualty.

Compliments to the Borough of Holborn. Last March a classified register was completed of every mother with children under school age. This was obtained by personally visiting each mother and finding out her wishes. Surely, to help solve the evacuation problem, what the council of the Borough of Holborn could do could be done throughout London.

On June 12, Sir John Anderson, speaking in the House of Commons, defined with precision and finality the Government's policy on the much vexed subject of deep air-raid shelters.

It was of the first importance to provide for the public the greatest measure of safety practicable in a reasonably short time.

The provision of shelters in a few places arbitrarily chosen would not enhance the security of the country as a whole.

He rejected utterly the diversion of skill, technical knowledge and labour to a programme of providing deep shelters which could not be carried out as part of a short-term policy.

It must be realised that in the event of war the efficiency of our war effort must come before personal safety. (Sir Robert Tasker, Cons. Holborn: "It is a tragedy the way some of my fellow countrymen are talking as though we have no backbone and are a lot of moles.")

Cases in which protection of a special kind were thought to be justified would be taken up as fast as possible without interfering with the progress of the general policy, which was designed to give the maximum of protection in the shortest possible time.

In a letter to which reference was made in the House of Commons "Five Senior Wardens" point out that there are blocks of flats where the number of residents is far in excess of the number of employees working or living in "commercial buildings" where provision of air-raid shelter is compulsory, that tenants in these flats apparently enjoy no such protection, and generally cannot afford to move to other premises so long as their existing leases continue.

The opinion is expressed that the problem of war-time casualty services cannot be solved, solely or even principally, by removal of base hospitals to sites outside the "target areas." The writer claims that in many cases existing buildings ear-marked for this purpose afford totally inadequate protection, and that so far as serious surgical work was concerned would be put out of action by even the indirect effect of high-explosive bombs.

As already in Paris, so in London, scores of first-aid posts could be constructed in a very few weeks, proof against every hazard save direct hits by the heavier bombs, and such a plan lies open to none of the arguments rightly or wrongly urged against heavily protected shelters for the general public, since the difficulties presented by inaccessibility, inordinate expense, shortness of time, do not here apply, and the importance of special protective measures for surgical and other key services is paramount.

Since the warden's badge can be bought by anybody on the open market, it would seem prudent, especially in times of crisis, that the householder should ask any caller representing himself as warden to produce his borough certificate. Houses have already been entered on the strength of a bogus badge.

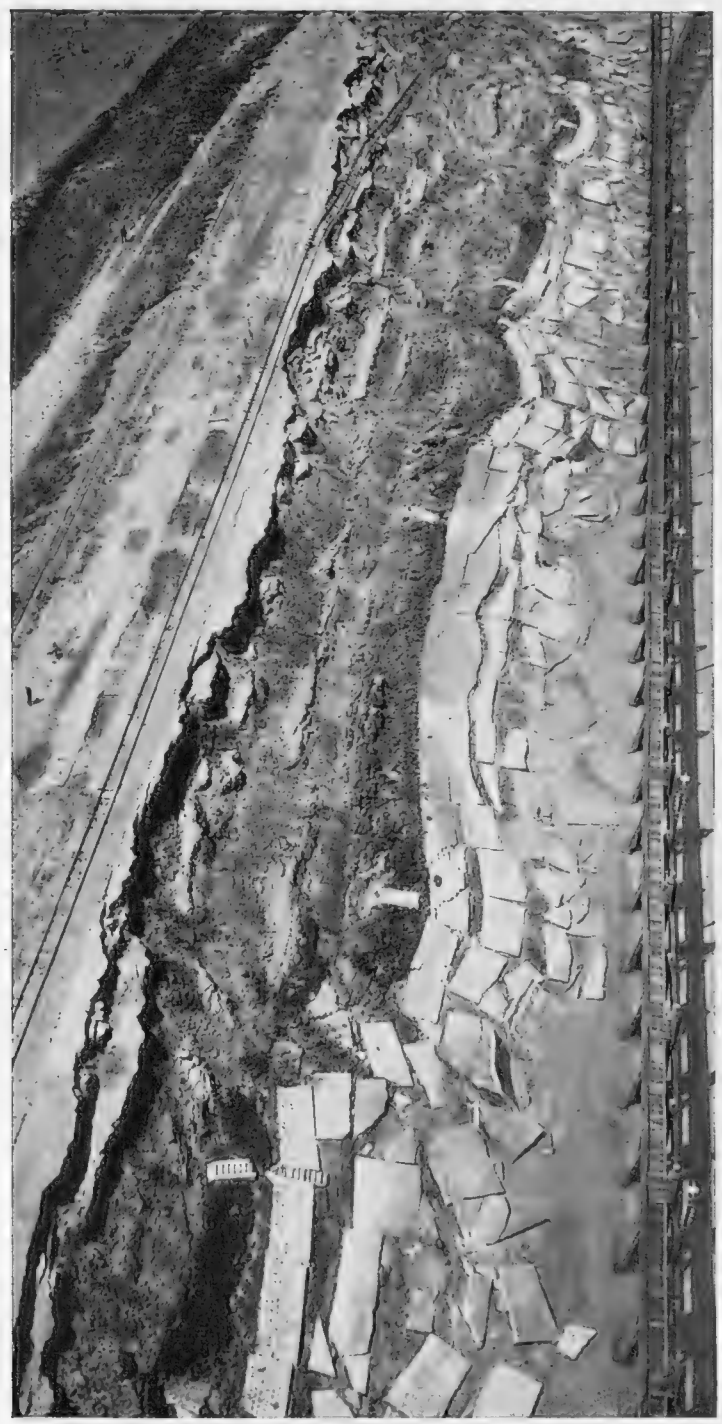
All the signs are that A.R.P. preoccupation is getting at closer grips with realities. Lord Halifax's speech on June 29 stands out like a beacon, as luminous and unmistakable as Brighton's phosphorescent policeman in the "black out" that preceded it. The position at the end of June seems to be that, if the Axis governments want war, will they please start it at once; and their recognition that, if they don't, their peoples will see to it that lawlessness has shot its last bolt. If they do, the democracies will see to it. Now it rests for us to watch coolly the actions of the dictators on the horns of the dilemma, repeating with the maddening monotony of the third degree the uncompromising statements of Lord Halifax. We have won the first round in the war of nerves. A stout stand has brought us so near the real thing that we are almost in sight of peace.

Inglis Sheldon-Williams

THE PARTIAL COLLAPSE OF THE ALBERT CANAL

Spectacular Pictures of the Breach which occurred at Goedsched, a Suburb of Hassalt

OVERHEAD VIEW OF THE BREACH: The gap in the shattered embankment through which poured the waters of the Albert Canal last Monday week is seen on the left. The point at which the wall collapsed was at Goedsched, near Hassalt. The rush of water resulted in the death of the Russian canal constructor, who was inspecting the repairs to a small leak in the embankment which had been noticed a few days previously. Sudden cracks appeared on the surface



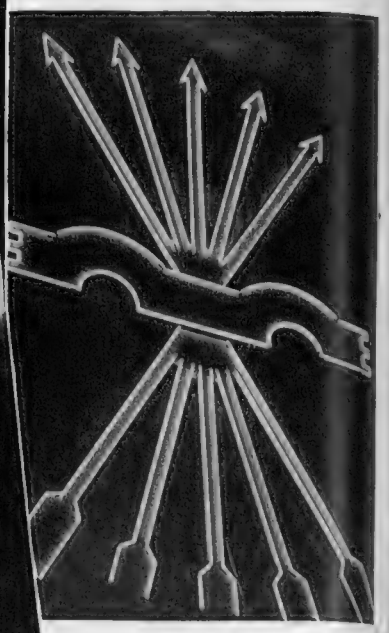
THE SHATTERED REMAINS OF THE WALL: The part of the embankment which collapsed under the rush of water. Officials of the Belgian Ministry of Public Works attribute the accident to the nature of the subsoil. At this point the wall is built on shifting sands

WHERE A HOUSE ONCE STOOD: All that is left of a building which met the full force of the flood. In view of the sudden nature of the break, it is surprising that only one human life was lost, though many animals from the farms in the neighbourhood are reported to have been drowned. Sixty-three cows were rescued by boat

THE PATH OF THE TORRENT: In the middle background of this picture can be seen a house which was literally bisected by the swirling waters. The break occurred at a point close to the solid masonry of a pair of large locks, as can be seen in the uppermost view. The damage is more extensive on the left-hand side, as the canal is here viewed

FRANCO'S

NOT QUITE PLACID YET: A study of some Madrilese girls watching clearing operations in the streets of the city



THE FALANGIST FIVE ARROWS: They gleam nightly like this on many a Madrid building

Another source of hunger derives from shrinkage of Spain's fishing fleets, a great number of boats having been destroyed to prevent them falling into the enemy's hands.

THAT a minimum of what transpires in totalitarian Spain shall become known to the outside world, qualified exception made of hierarchical circles in Rome and Berlin, has become a dominant consideration of method, with the Caudillo, as we must presumably learn to enunciate in the wake of "Duce" and "Führer."

"Keep them guessing. The less they get to know, the more they'll speculate, and that usually leads into error concerning another's strength and intentions. Aside from which, much of what *is* going on in Spain is not exactly a chapter for export."

In order to achieve a blanket of secrecy and silence over the country, Franco—rather, Serrano Suner, currently a form of Goebbels-Himmler-Frick combined—is relying on a five-point system.

Firstly, the diplomatic corps is being kept at arm's length. The diplomats are at San Sebastian "until October." Whether they will be admitted nearer events then is doubtful. The official excuse is that Madrid is not ready, but this loses force if it is added that Madrid may not be Franco's capital for an indefinite time to come. The conqueror must dream as uneasily about Madrid in peace as he did in war. Even as Ataturk, from a mixture of disgust and self-protection, chose his Ankara, so may Franco elect to carry on from now legendary Burgos.

Absence of a diplomatic corps, on the spot, makes for secrecy in two ways. Envoys cannot seek to keep abreast with things by constant "routine calls," and the younger staff is prevented from circulating in that governmental social ambience where talk is inevitably pretty close to events. Judging by the number of "CD" cars in the streets, most of the corps spends its time at St. Jean de Luz. They can get food there, anyway, if not facts.

REST TIME IN MADRID: In this sunlit square the citizens again wander without any skyward glances

Secondly, little or nothing will escape through the Spanish Press where it has become a case of "journalists in uniform," as in other climes. Franco has a pukka sahib's aversion to the Press, which shows itself in the long-drawn-out hand-picking of foreign correspondents to report the new Spain. Very few outside the Axis have so far been sanctioned, and such as eventually are, will find their typewriters rigorously chained by new laws, and this though some may owe their accrediting to having given previous evidence of being ideologically sound.

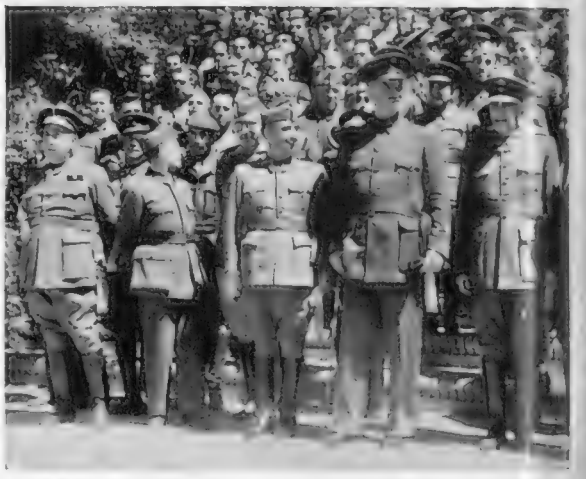
Thirdly, public discussion of the regime and what it is doing is being stamped out in those cafés, bars and clubs where Spaniards spent so much of their time as the most gossiping "politicians" in Europe. Franco and his aids are now going to do all the political, economic, and kindred talking. Rare recent visitors to Spain have reported the opening effect of this ban. They have been unable to pick up any useful information. I spoke with a leading American publisher who, after a week in costly Madrid, could only say that the railways were shocking, the food bad, the people frightened, and that he thought the "Spain for the Spanish" slogan of the Falangists (which was invented at Westminster) might prove the regime's trump.

Fourthly, all letters out of Spain are being closely censored, a process advanced by the widespread encouragement of denunciation, coupled with the posting of juvenile "hidden ears" on all sides.

The thick veil drawn over Spain's affairs by her new masters is completed by a virtual closing of the frontiers to foreigners, and by granting but the rarest permission to Spaniards to travel abroad. I have been on the frontier at three points this week, Hendaye, Cerbère, and Bourg-Madame, and can testify that, however officially open each may be, the three remain for practical purposes—closed.

Yet it is precisely along the (Pyrenees) frontier that contacts are haphazardly to be made, conducting to some acquaintance with what is supervening on the far side. No dictator has yet succeeded in stopping trans-border communication (the Germans having come nearest). Also, there continues a constant trickle of fugitives only too ready to talk.

Always the first thing narrated is the shortage of food. Not an atom of doubt but that with a less frugal people and one less used to hardship, the position would merit the adjective "desperate." Crops of all kinds have to be restarted on endless acres scarred by war; and even when a richly endowed land begins to witness a revival of her fertility, it is no cheering prospect for the population to know that so very much of the fruit, wine, olives, wheat, barley, sugar cane, etc., has been earmarked for immediate shipment abroad, in the scraping after foreign currency.



GENERAL FRANCO CELEBRATES VICTORY: The Spanish leader smiles as he watches a victory parade in Seville streets

On right—

REMINDERS OF WARFARE: Signboards show where the enemy lines used to face one another in the suburbs

SPAIN: Which Way is It Tending Behind the Sun Blind?

FERDINAND TUOHY Looks in at the Window

Staples such as coffee, sugar, potatoes, oil and beans, are increasingly being rationed. Franco hopes to assist matters by terrific punishment for profiteers, whom all are ordered to denounce, and by gold obtained from his call for a patriotic surrender of wedding rings, earrings, coins and ornaments. Food will be bought abroad with this yield, or so it is announced. Otherwise, hardly any imports are planned.

Franco's cry used to be "Bread and Peace." He may be arriving at a species of the second. As for symbolic bread, neither Germany nor Italy can help to any appreciable extent, and Franco refuses to take it from those who could. In dignity and sacrifice belts are to be tightened amid a growing general austerity. One offshoot of this really should be mentioned. By Bourg-Madame there is a little Spanish enclave within French territory, Llivia, whose few hundred inhabitants are forbidden to obtain supplies from surrounding France. If it were not for running the gauntlet night upon night, they would starve, for hard-by Spanish Puigcerda, to which runs a neutral road, cannot spare any provisions.

Last February, in writing of the Spain on the way, I warned those whose pro-Franco sentiments had been fed by hope of his borrowing from us, and his re-establishing trade on the old basis, not to expect any such thing. (We have made a fine mess, altogether, of Spain. First allowing the army Russia was expending her energy on, to succumb, prior to our trying to link up with that self-same Russia!) Anyway, an ex-chairman of our Spanish Chamber of Commerce has been saying that if we do not press for payment of the £8,000,000 commercial debt as a condition of our doing new trade, things will notably mend. Let him disillusion himself, and reflect that if we face ideological or basic transformation, this applies nowhere more so than in the economic sphere.

Franco is preparing to tug everything humanly possible from his own resources. He can press vast labour into service, while he intends to call on jubilant youth to lend a sturdy hand in what will be labour conscription on a subsistence wage. Youth is the only jubilant thing in a sad and subdued land wherein high spirits come to many as indecent. Spain is a dark place to-day, of terrible hates and griefs, the more consuming for so much having to be suppressed.

The stiffest tightening up, which means unbearable grip on the individual, has been decreed so that escapes across the frontier shall sink to ever rarer instances. Spain's tragic case must not be spread abroad! Yet that is impossible, and here is a flash giving something of current atmospherics:—

"Each is resigned with a sort of fatalism to his present lot. Numerous little daily signs show that the old spirit survives. The obligatory Fascist salute is hardly meeting with acceptance, especially from the peasants. Parents are putting up a passive resistance to the incorporation of their children in pre-military formations, on which Burgos counts so much. Foreign newspapers still get through, and are avidly read, but the authorities say they have a method of stopping this. The key to national revival resides in a continuous effort by all workers, freely given. The future will say whether speeches, exhortations, syndicalistic enrolment, will conquer the people's passivity."

A protracted period of national poverty and deprivation is openly faced while Franco attempts a £150,000,000 costing public works programme that will include resurfacing 70,000 miles of roads and building a further 8,000 miles of highway; reconstruction of the crippled railways, engines and rolling stock; the creation of new harbours, irrigation works, and vital water supplies. All, using Spanish material only. The German offer to tackle the roads and railways was turned down, which is significant indeed, since Franco is making it a matter of *pundonor* to show his gratitude in every way he can to those who helped him.

It may be perfectly true that he can expect much from cash-paying customers such as Britain and France, and little from a country such as Italy, of resembling production and consumption, or from a Reich in the toils of its own autarchy, but that will not deflect Franco from striking out for what he calls independence, and which can only be won by a cruel self-containedness.

Can it be done? Financially the prospect looks perfectly hopeless, yet totalitarian financial wizardry (or fraud) has before now worked miracles. The Barcelona *Vanguardia* resumes matters thus:—

"More than 1,000,000 dead, of which 200,000 were massacred by the 'republicans.' The losses, due to wilful destruction or exhaustion of the normal resources of the State, are placed at 65 billion gold pesetas (fourteen times the pre-civil war Budget). A sixth of Spain has been devastated. Thirty vessels still remain sunk in Barcelona harbour.

"But the nation chiefly suffers from an almost total suspension of her industrial, commercial, and financial activity. Except for the fragment (£7,000,000) claimed from France, the Bank of Spain's gold reserve, which was 2,200,000,000 pesetas, exists no more.

"Against this, the treasury is faced by a debt of over 25 billion pesetas. Even subtracting the debts contracted by the republicans, a little under half, and which Franco declines to recognise, the sum remains enormous.

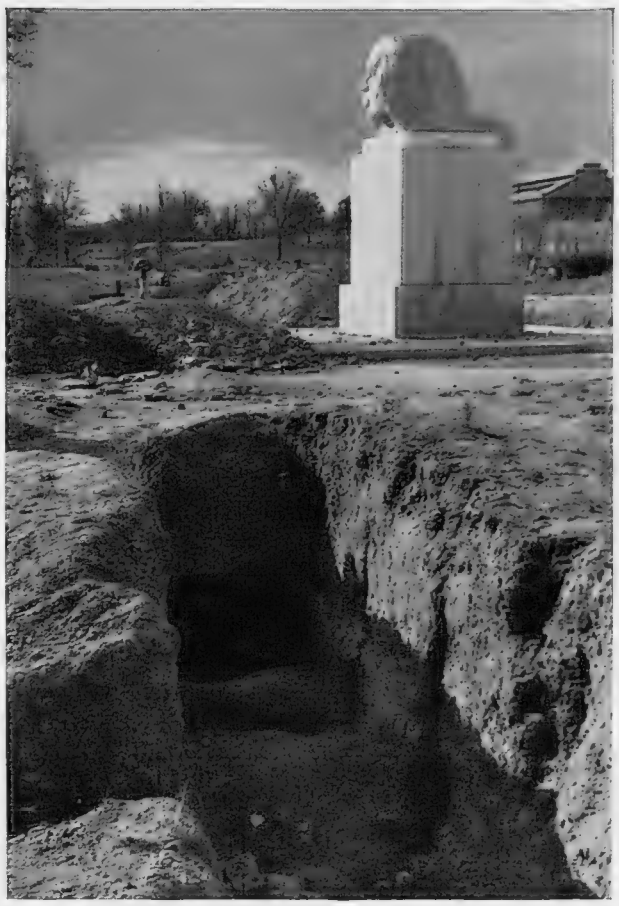
"Add the money that must be obtained for reconstruction. The Caudillo will have to raise for numerous years at least double what was forthcoming from taxation in 1936.

"Finally, there will be the financing of the great reforms promised by the Government, such as purchase of the big estates for resettlement by the peasants; not losing sight of the renewal of a deteriorated national armament."

Roads and railways are being pushed ahead in order that the "invisible industry" of tourism, in such a potentially wonderful tourist country as Spain, may quickly net a maximum of foreign currency. Germany and

(*Continued on page 70*)

PICTURES RETURN TO MADRID: The canvases are rolled over wooden cylinders and packed in long crates



A STRANGE SUBURBAN SCENE: In Madrid the cameraman recorded this strange (unnamed) statue amid the trenches

TREASURES OF THE PRADO RETURN: A big river scene once more in its frame and ready for hanging in the famous Madrid gallery

TITIAN'S "VENUS WITH THE ORGANIST" RETURNS: Workmen raising the reframed Titian masterpiece after its return from Geneva where it had temporarily rested

ARMY ACTIVITIES: Changing the Guard at the Tower—Calling up the Army Reservists—The Territorials Mobilised

EARLY MORNING IN THE CITY: The 2nd Battalion Cameronians, Scottish Rifles, as they left the Tower of London last week to return to Catterick Camp, their home station. The guard is being relieved by a detachment of the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry who were moved up to town from Shorncliffe Barracks

THEY'RE IN THE ARMY AGAIN: Some of the men comprising the first batch of Regular Army Reservists to arrive at Hounslow Barracks after having been called up for a ten weeks refresher course to familiarise themselves with the latest military conditions. June 15 was the first day for reporting. *Below*—Kit inspection for men of the East Surrey Rifles A.A. Battalion before leaving for a month's training in camp

THE ROYAL CO

FIELD COMMUNICATION: Beside their camouflaged lorries the men of the Royal Corps of Signals establish contact by means of field telephones between the

IN THE TRANSMITTING AND RECEIVING ROOM: Wherever poss design is used but in some cases the equipment has nece the army in the field. *Below on right*—Friends a relat atmosphere in the tastefully appointed recepti room

THE task of the Royal Corps of Signals in warfare is a vitally important one, for without efficient communications, the most brilliantly conceived campaign or action may be brought to naught.

The history of the corps is largely that of the Royal Engineers, from which it sprang after the great war. When the duties and responsibilities of the R.E.s became as vast as they now are, it was decided to entrust all communications to a separate section.

Generally speaking, the Royal Corps of Signals provides inter-communication for all army formations in the field, with the exception that internal communications

RPS OF SIGNALS:

The Eyes and Ears of the Army On and Off the Field, Pictured Exclusively for "The Sphere"

various regiments in the division. The corps provides inter-communication for all army formations in the field with the exception of internal communication within units which is done by regimental signallers of each particular regiment

possible, apparatus of commercial necessity to be of a type peculiar to relations are entertained in a homely room on visiting days

within units—cavalry regiments, artillery batteries, infantry and tank battalions—are provided by regimental signallers.

The Royal Corps of Signals is organised into a large number of different units, each of which is designed specifically to provide the communications for the particular formation which it serves. H.R.H. the Princess Royal is their Colonel-in-Chief.

WIRELESS INSTRUCTION: An instructor demonstrating a mammoth wireless transmitting valve which forms part of the delicate equipment with which the signallers must familiarise themselves. Wireless is but one of the methods of communication used

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW: By means of diagrams drawn on the barrack-room floor the instructor points out the lie of the land at the scene of operations. *Below on right*—After a day in the field a shower bath in these up-to-date cubicles is most welcome

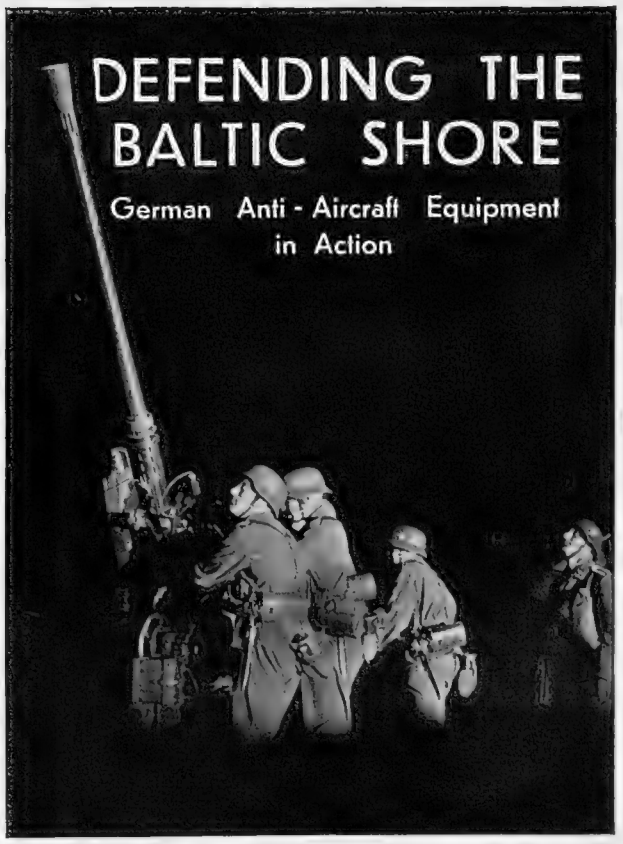
BASEBALL PRACTICE: Among the various games played, baseball, which was introduced by the Canadian recruits, has gained a firm hold and the men show great keenness to be coached into this active western game

Pictures by A. Console

SPEEDING TO THE SCENE OF OPERATIONS: An anti-aircraft unit on its way to the coast for night exercises. The flat land facilitates the building of straight level roads

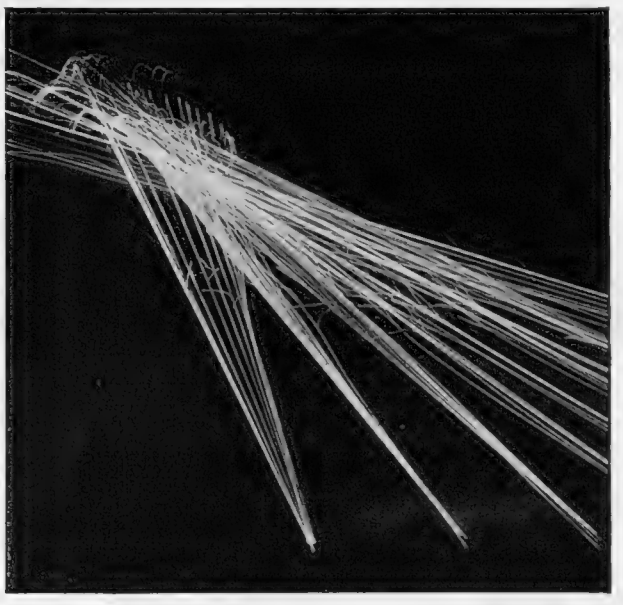
DEFENDING THE BALTIC SHORE

German Anti-Aircraft Equipment in Action



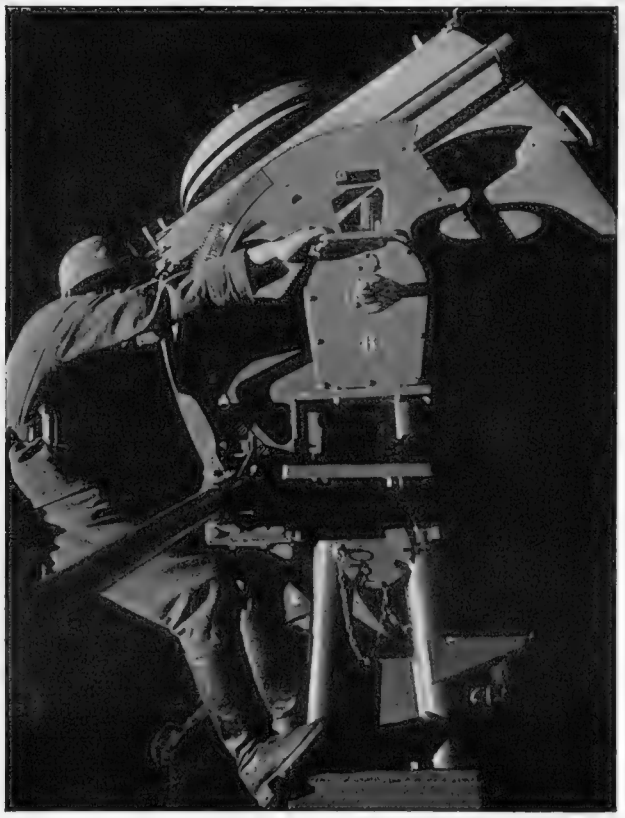
ENEMY AIRCRAFT DIRECTLY OVERHEAD: Gunners awaiting the command to fire at the oncoming enemy. The barrel of the 3·7-in. gun is tilted at an angle of 70 deg.

AERIAL BARRAGE: Synchronised firing by the 8·8-cm. guns. For a second the scene is lit by the harsh red light of the discharges; the flames should show equal volume



CROSS FIRE: Brilliant streaks of red and yellow split the night sky as tracer bullets from the anti-aircraft guns register accuracy of aim. These guns have all been fired simultaneously

AMPLIFIED EARS: The listening post which detects the distant presence of aircraft and transmits its information



THE SEARCHLIGHT OPERATOR: As the enemy plane enters the searchlight range, it is held in full view of the batteries

THE DUTCH

A DUTCHMAN said to me the other day: "300 years ago Holland ruled the seas. Sailors made the navy in those days. To-day machines make a navy, not sailors—and we rule the seas no longer."

The argument is over-simplified, of course; but there is some truth in it. Holland still produces sailors who are second to none, and adequate to the traditions of that Tromp who nailed a broom to his mast as a symbol of his intention to sweep the seas (an intention which Blake rudely interrupted); and of de Ruyter, who impudently sailed up the Thames and frightened Londoners with his cannon. The Dutch sailor is still capable of such cheeky enterprise.

The "machines" of wealthier nations have, however, far outstripped the sailors, and Holland is now more a military than a naval power. In the Europe of to-day her army must, in fact, always remain the chief weapon, with the navy designed in the first place for the protection of her large and valuable colonies, and only in the second place for action in European waters.

I discussed the question with Rear-Admiral Jolles, commanding the chief Dutch naval base at Den Helder. According to this typical Dutch sailor, who looks quite capable of nailing a broom to his mast, only small craft, for coastal defences and convoy purposes, would normally be kept in home waters. "For the defence of the Motherland," he said, "we depend chiefly on our army. In the East Indies it is quite another story—and in the West Indies for that matter, too. There the chief burden must be borne by the fleet, which is required to protect the archipelago and notably the oil harbours and inter-island communications."

Rear-Admiral Jolles added: "But our fleet at its present strength is nothing like big enough for its task."

The strength of the Dutch fleet at the end of 1938 was: 3 battle-cruisers, two of which are over twenty years old; 1 flotilla-leader (the *Tromp*, 1936); 12 destroyers; 5 torpedo-boats; 24 submarines; 17 mine-layers; and a miscellaneous collection of minesweepers, gunboats, torpedo motor-boats and other small craft.

The emphasis, it will be seen, is on the submarines, and I learn that the Dutch admiralty is likely to continue concentrating on this weapon. Vice-Admiral Quant puts the admiralty attitude in these words:

"In order to prevent enemy action against our sea coast, and especially to prevent their concentrating in the neighbourhood, it is essential that we should not only develop our coastal defences and take such precautions as mine-laying, but that we should also be in a position to render the whole of the North Sea hazardous for enemy craft. For this task, submarines must be employed. As an example of their efficiency let me remind you that in 1914 the three English cruisers, *Hogue*, *Cressey* and *Aboukir*, unprepared for German submarine attack in the North Sea, were torpedoed and sunk; and from that moment no English warship felt safe in those waters." Submarines, therefore, supported by destroyers (which would be used chiefly for convoy purposes), and other small craft, must form the backbone of naval defence at home.

The addition to the Dutch navy of large numbers of such an offensive weapon as the submarine represents an important change in Dutch naval policy. Hitherto, this policy was based on what Vice-Admiral Quant calls "passive defence"; to-day, it has been changed into one of "active defence," which calls for an ocean-going type of ship capable of direct attack, and, of course, a considerable increase in all the units of the fleet.

The policy for the Dutch Indies is summed up in what the Dutch call the "harmonious fleet." This consists of a combination of units working in harmony, no one unit of which can be missed without serious risk to the others. The combination comprises battle-cruisers, flotilla-leaders, destroyers, submarines, and marine aircraft, to which have recently been added a considerable number of the new, fast, torpedo motor-boats. Of this "harmonious fleet," submarines are the chief weapon, and the most powerful surface ships will be the two 8,000-ton cruisers now building. It is probable that this fleet will be augmented in the near future by four new battle-cruisers of exceptional speed.

It should be remembered, in considering the Dutch naval policy, that the East Indies offer a very rich prize for the successful aggressor. In addition to their wealthy

FLEET PREPARES:

The New World Conditions Necessitate What the Dutch Authorities Term An "Harmonious Fleet"

By
ROY ELSTON

plantations, and the opportunities they offer for colonisation, they have rich oil supplies which cannot but arouse the cupidity of certain "have-not" powers. The Dutch defence policy in these waters must not, therefore, be confined to the defence of such oil harbours as Tarakan and Balik-Papan, or of the oilfields themselves. It must be an "active defence" policy designed to make the transport of the oil to the aggressor's home waters almost impossible, or at least so dangerous that no power, however great its strength by comparison with that of Holland, will judge the risk worth while. Hence the "harmonious fleet," which has been created to harass enemy convoys and destroy enemy transport. The potential enemy's motherland is 3,000 miles distant from the Dutch oil harbours.

As Rear-Admiral Jolles pointed out, however, the Dutch fleet is not yet of sufficient strength to give it a real chance of success in the task which would be imposed upon it in the event of war in the Pacific. For a long time, the admiralty demands have been met with the cry of "No money." "In times of security, no one likes spending money on such unproductive things as warships. It needs a period of insecurity to remind merchants and bankers that the warships are probably not so unproductive after all."

That is why, from the naval point of view, the present international crisis is not without its bright side. It has induced the States-General to cease its opposition to admiralty demands and to vote largely-increased estimates for an extensive building programme. Part of this programme is already well towards completion, and there are building at this moment: 2 large cruisers of about 8,000 tons each; 1 flotilla-leader of about 3,700 tons; 4 destroyers of about 1,600 tons each; 9 submarines; and a large number of smaller craft.

These ships, now in course of building, are not included in the total fleet list which I have already given. They are, moreover, only part of the government programme, which, when complete, should bring the Dutch navy up to what will be formidable proportions for such a small and pacific country.

It is clear evidence that the Dutch Government intends to make up for lost time—for what Rear-Admiral Jolles calls "the delusory years of the League of Nations." And this time the government has the people behind it. Recent "bigger navy" demonstrations in Rotterdam have been attended by huge crowds, and all over the country there is a growing feeling that, although strategical conditions have transformed Holland from a naval to a military power, in tradition and sentiment the people are, and always have been, essentially a sea-faring people. With one or two exceptions, all the great national heroes of Holland have been sailors.

A visit to the chief Dutch naval base at Den Helder, in the extreme north, demonstrates where the true feeling of the Dutchman lies. The character of the place strikes one as being more thoroughly Dutch than is that of any of the big military bases where the conscripted citizen, excellent soldier as he probably is, often gives the impression of feeling rather uncomfortable in his uniform. He is not uncomfortable in the uniform of the sailor and mans every class of ship with an ease and efficiency unsurpassed in any navy.

THE "JAVA": One of the most successful of Holland's cruisers. She was completed in 1925 and was refitted ten years later. Her equipment includes ten 5·9-in. guns. Abreast of her forward funnel and connected with the control pillar there is a light elevated bridge supported by a steel column, which also serves as the upright member of a boat hoist

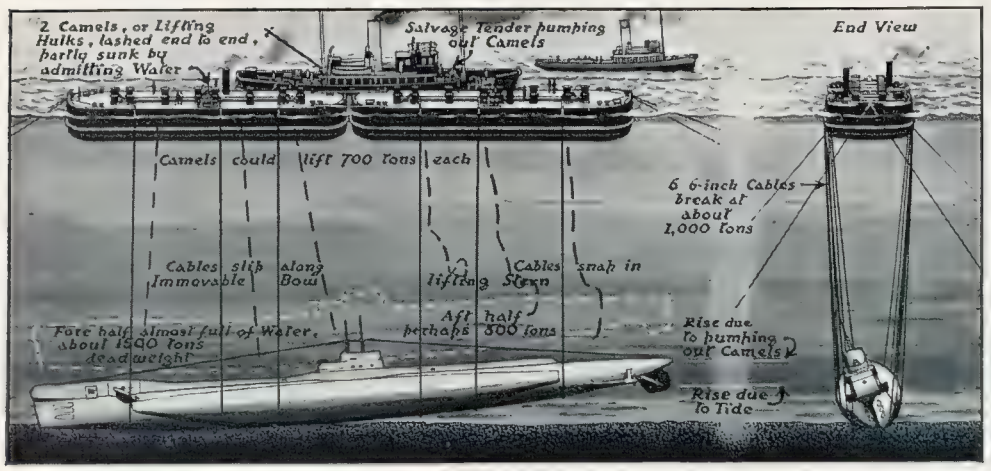
A THREE-YEAR-OLD CRUISER: The *De Ruyter* which was completed in 1936 and placed in full commission in October of that year. She possesses seven 5·9-in. guns which can be elevated up to 60 deg., thus serving as anti-aircraft weapons. Another useful cruiser is the *Sumatra*, which is identical with the *Java* except for some minor details. Both have the same clean-lined hulls

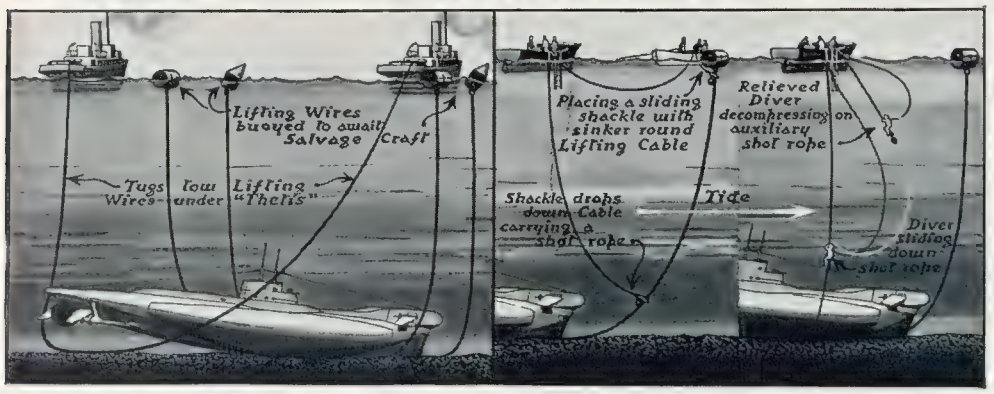
STRONG IN SUBMARINES: For some years Dutch naval authorities have pinned their faith on the submersible vessel as their best line of defence. Recent events have modified this view

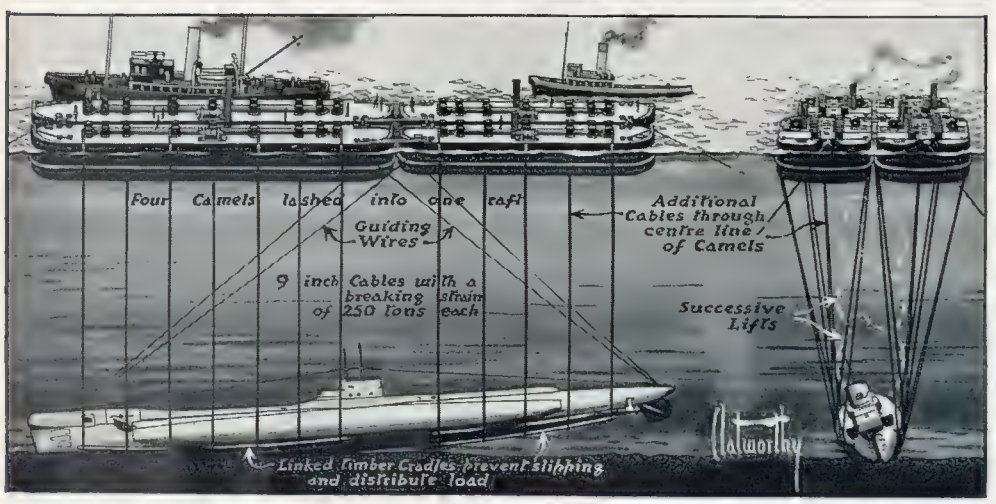
HOLLAND'S ONLY FLOTILLA-LEADER: The *Tromp* which was originally intended to have a displacement of 2,500 tons, but was expanded to 3,350 tons. Six 21-in. torpedo tubes are installed and altogether she is a very useful little vessel

THE RAISING OF A SUBMARINE

How the Cables are Placed Beneath the Tapering Hull







LIFTING BY THE ACTION OF THE TIDE: The enormous weight of a waterlogged submarine can best be raised by harnessing the action of the tides by means of strong cables fixed to floating camels. The cables are fixed at low water and the incoming water of the rising tide forces upwards the raft of camels which, in their turn, lift the submerged vessel

APPLIANCES FOR LIFTING THE "THETIS": Two drums of the new lifting cables, the heaviest yet made, awaiting transport to the *Zelo* salvage ship. *Below*—These wooden drums are for use with the cables

The above diagram has been prepared in order to show the method employed in the raising of a waterlogged submarine from the sea bed. The uppermost section shows how the Thetis *was partially raised during the first attempt which was unsuccessful mainly owing to the snapping of the cables. In the right-hand portion of this section an end-on view of the submarine is given showing how the vessel is enclosed in a network of cable. The middle section of the diagram portrays the initial work when the difficult task of placing the cables under the hull has to be accomplished. The divers during this period work under strenuous conditions, fighting all the while against strong tidal currents. The bottom section will give the reader a generalised idea of the raising methods which have to be employed to lift the hull from the bottom and convey her into shallow water*

IRELAND'S ELECTRICAL SUPPLY

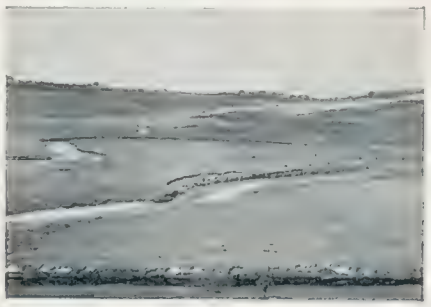
A Second Scheme Harnesses the River Liffey

SOME twelve years ago the Irish Government of the time decided, after obtaining technical advice, to proceed with a hydro electric scheme on the River Shannon at Ardnacrusha near Limerick. Eventually a sum of £6,000,000 was spent on this undertaking. It was intended that the entire electrical needs of the community should be supplied from this source. However, since its inception, it became apparent that the water resources of the Shannon were not sufficient to maintain a continuous power output in the event of an unusually dry season, and this fact, coupled with an enormous increase in the consumption of electrical energy every year, focused attention on the River Liffey, a plan for the electrification of which had been put forward many years ago.

THE NEW DAM AT POULAPHOUCA: The waters of the Liffey will be held back at this point (in Co. Wicklow) where a gorge provides a natural site for a dam

It is interesting to note at this point that the Shannon Power House has been almost completely closed down during the recent spell of dry weather, and during that period only one turbine has been running for short periods at night. The old steam station of the Dublin Corporation at the Pigeon House Fort, now largely modified, provided the only source of supply for the whole country.

SIMULTANEOUSLY with the development of the Shannon scheme as outlined above, the City of Dublin was growing rapidly in the way of new industries, and new housing areas being added, with the result that the Dublin Corporation were faced with the necessity of providing a greatly increased supply of water for the city, and this they were unable to do from their existing reservoirs at Roundwood, Co. Wicklow.



SHORTLY TO BE SUBMERGED: This natural basin is to become an extensive lake after the damming of the Liffey, which is here seen at its junction with King's River, near Blessington

The Electricity Supply Board, which is the controlling authority in Eire for the supply of electrical energy, in collaboration with the Dublin Corporation, eventually decided to proceed with the Liffey Hydro Electric Scheme, and plans were prepared for damming the River Liffey at Poulaphouca, Co. Wicklow.

POULAPHOUCA is situated about 22 miles to the south-west of Dublin City and the undertaking now in course of construction there is unusual in the fact that it is a combined one for the supply of water and the generation of electricity. Poulaphouca will be familiar to many visitors as one of Co. Wicklow's beauty spots, with its famous waterfall situated in very picturesque surroundings.

The site for the new dam is an ideal one from the point of view of its construction, the river at this point traversing a narrow gorge before passing over the falls. This gorge, at present water level, is not more than about 40 ft. wide and about 100 ft. deep; at the top the width is about 120 ft. These figures, taken in conjunction with the rock formation, make the building of a dam a relatively simple matter, and work on this has been proceeding with great rapidity for the past eighteen months. The result of damming the river will be apparent for a distance of about seven miles, the level of the water being raised about 80 ft. at the dam and resulting in a new reservoir being formed with an area of approximately 1,700 acres. The effect of this will be that Dublin will have a water storage nearly double that of the existing reservoirs after making allowance for water consumed by the power stations.

A NEW BRIDGE TO REPLACE AN OLD ONE: Old Burgage Bridge will be submerged when the new lake is formed, hence this new carriage way, which will cross the Liffey

The fall of the river at Poulaphouca is so great that it has been found possible to plan for the construction of two separate power stations, which while not of the capacity of that at Ardnacrusha will provide ample current for the whole Dublin area and so relieve the demand on the Shannon station. At the same time it will enable the closing down of the steam station to be carried out.

THE GREATEST OF ALL THE CHINESE PORTS

Scenes by Night and Day at the International Settlement at Shanghai

A NIGHT SCENE AT THE VAST ENTREPÔT CLOSE TO THE YANGTSE MOUTH: In this view there is conveyed something of the immensity of the modern city of Shanghai, which has grown up in and around the International Settlement. At the point shown here the Wang-po joins the Suchow Creek, which separates the modernity of the Settlement from the medieval clamour of the Chinese city with its maze of narrow streets and picturesque shopfronts

UP TO DATE IN FLYING MATTERS: Shanghai possesses an aerodrome of up-to-date character with long lines of administrative buildings and a circular control tower (shown above). There spectators have been able to gather to witness the arrival and departure of planes. Of recent months, these have been seriously affected by the Far Eastern situation. The railway stations and aerodromes have perforce been constructed outside concession boundaries in China

THE ART OF THREE CENTURIES

in the London Galleries in July

AT THE WALKER GALLERIES: A figure-skating composition by John Augustus Atkinson, 1775–1833

SEVERAL of the London galleries are showing collections of early-English water-colours—and they make a refreshing and peaceful change from the more exciting and exacting compositions of the modern artist.

At the Walker Galleries there are some very fine works of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. "Skating," by John Augustus Atkinson, is a lively record of early-nineteenth-century winter sports. The two amateur exhibition skaters are attracting as much interest as the professional might do to-day.

Another magnificent work is a pencil drawing with touches of colour, "An Eastern Bazaar," by John Frederick Lewis, R.A. The heads of the distant figures are picked out with touches of white giving a cleaner effect of brilliant sunlight in contrast to the shadowy interior of the building.

Few artists have the capacity to leave an unfinished drawing so amazingly complete as this.

More sketches and etchings of the nineteenth century can be seen at the Brook Street Galleries where a quantity of sketches by Lady Gordon and her daughter, Julia Emily Gordon, are now on view.

AT THE BROOK STREET GALLERIES: "Penge Place," from the Gordon collection

Lady Gordon was a pupil of both Turner and Cox, and probably Girtin as well, and her sketches show her an artist of no mean ability. Her "Cowes Castle," painted with Turner—and by its appearance assisted considerably by him—bears the date 1797, and from that date until 1850 she painted industriously.

Her daughter, Julia Emily Gordon, obviously inherited her mother's talent and painted several charming scenes both in England and abroad. Particularly striking are those sketched on a grey paper with a pen outline and relieved with touches of white and light colours. A volume of her etchings was published in 1847, and several more are to be seen at the British Museum.

AT THE GOUPIL GALLERY: "Le Pont du Chemin de Fer," by C. Brooke Farrar

The Goupil Gallery Salon of modern paintings, drawings and sculpture is being held at the New Burlington Galleries until July 29, and amid the 400 odd exhibits appear works of varying degrees of skill and originality.

AT THE GOUPIL GALLERY: "Two Cups of Tea," by Ethel Gabain, R.O.I., R.B.A.

"Le Pont du Chemin de Fer," No. 181, by C. Brooke Farrar, is an outstanding success. The puffing train as background to the old peasant woman picking cabbages is a happy shot—one so often sees such fleeting scenes from the window of a Continental train but more rarely has the opportunity of viewing them from the reversed position.

Ethel Gabain's "Two Cups of Tea" is a charming little group full of colour and quality; the contrast in these two figures is exceptionally well interpreted.

Those interested in drawings of hunting, hawking, and shooting should visit Sotheby's sale rooms, where part of the collection made by the late C. F. G. R. Schwert, of Old Alresford House, Hants, is being dispersed. The collection includes the Beaufort Hunt series of eight plates illustrating fox hunting by W. P. Hodges and engraved by Henry Alken. Each plate is dated 1833. The collection is in the original pink wrappers.

I. B.

SCULPTURED ABBEY TREASURES

New Records of an Ancient Craft at Westminster

IN THE ABBEY'S TRIFORIUM: A decoratively treated head with hunched shoulder

ALTHOUGH a great many people are familiar with the more obvious beauties of Westminster Abbey, there are comparatively few who have had an opportunity to study the finer details of the magnificent sculpture of the middle ages. This opportunity has recently been offered by the wonderful collection of photographs taken by Mr. R. P. Howgrave-Graham, F.S.A.

Mr. Howgrave-Graham, with the collaboration of the Abbey authorities, has for several years been engaged on this work, and he has now formed a collection which is of the greatest interest to all lovers of art and architecture. These photographs are permanent records of the exquisite detail and fine workmanship of the thirteenth to sixteenth-century craftsmen. Many of the pictures will come as a revelation even to those with an intimate knowledge of the Abbey treasures, for amongst them appear several recent discoveries which have lain for years unnoticed, hidden beneath a crust of dirt and grime.

IN THE VAULTING OF HENRY VII'S CHAPEL: A whimsical dog, high in the vaulting of the chapel

The whole of the Abbey Church east of the organ loft was built between 1245 and 1269 and the workmanship in the "Censing Angels" is already acclaimed the most beautiful existing in England. The fine series of thirteenth-century heads in St. Faith's Chapel, however, was not fully revealed until the stonework was cleaned in 1935-1936. This work brought to light "The Dreaming Youth," one of the most beautiful heads in the Abbey, the calm placidity of expression being a masterpiece of craftsmanship. It is undoubtedly a valuable addition to the Abbey treasures.

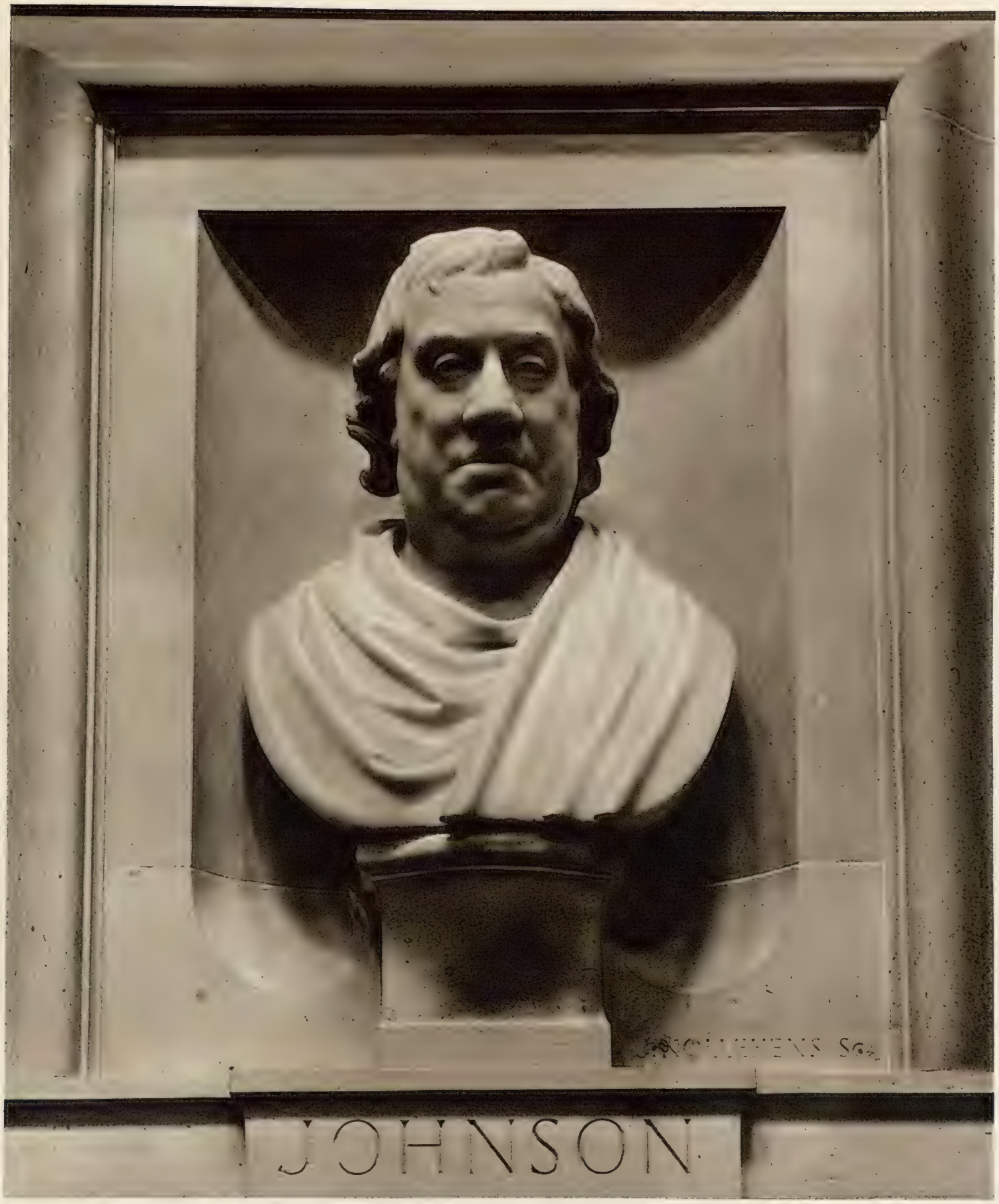
"The Thinker" is another lovely work, and it is thought probable that the head may represent Master Henry of Reyns—the King's Master Mason who planned and built the Abbey Church. All these figures were originally coloured, and traces of paint still remain on many of them. There is a beast with a red tongue, and a charming lady, wearing the elliptical filet and barbette of the mid-thirteenth century, whose cheeks still retain traces of colour.

Some of the vaulting bosses are perfect records of the mannered art of the period. King David with his Harp is particularly interesting in this respect. The outstretched fingers give a wonderful impression of life and movement—one can almost hear the cord that must have echoed in the artist's mind.

ANOTHER EXAMPLE FROM THE TRIFORIUM: The squatting craftsman shows the vigorous thirteenth-century technique in beard and hair

Perhaps one of the most charming of all these thirteenth-century figures is that of a lady—possibly St. Anne—in the Chapel of St. Paul. A mirror has been placed in the corner facing her so that the full charm of her features may be seen. There is a touching tenderness about her attitude and an enchanting tilt to her head which is altogether delightful; the sculptured details are still in a wonderful state of repair, even the mesh of the net that encases her hair is undamaged.

Other photographs of later periods include the details of the Chantry Chapel of Henry V, 1422–1441, and Edward the Confessor's Chapel, *circa* 1450; much of the detail still reflects the technique of the earlier craftsmen.

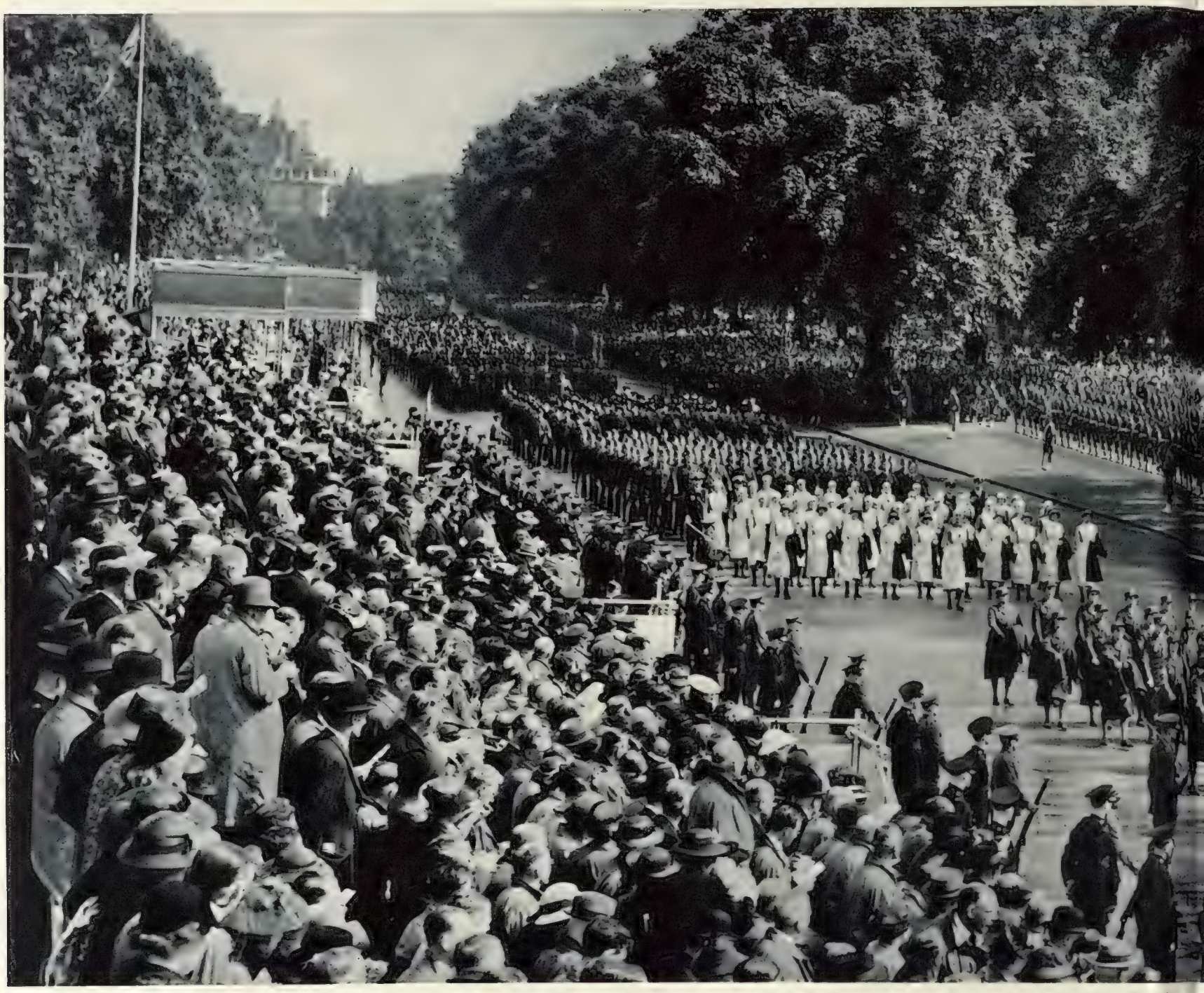


DR. JOHNSON COMMEMORATED IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY: The newly placed Nollekens bust in the Poets' Corner

ONE of the most striking busts ever made by Nollekens was that portraying Dr. Johnson. Its existence was known but the bust had mysteriously disappeared for a considerable number of years. A short time ago it was presented to the Abbey by an anonymous donor and it has now been placed in a special niche just over the grave of the famous lexicographer. It is interesting to note that the bust rests in immediate juxtaposition to the figure of the master user of words, William Shakespeare.

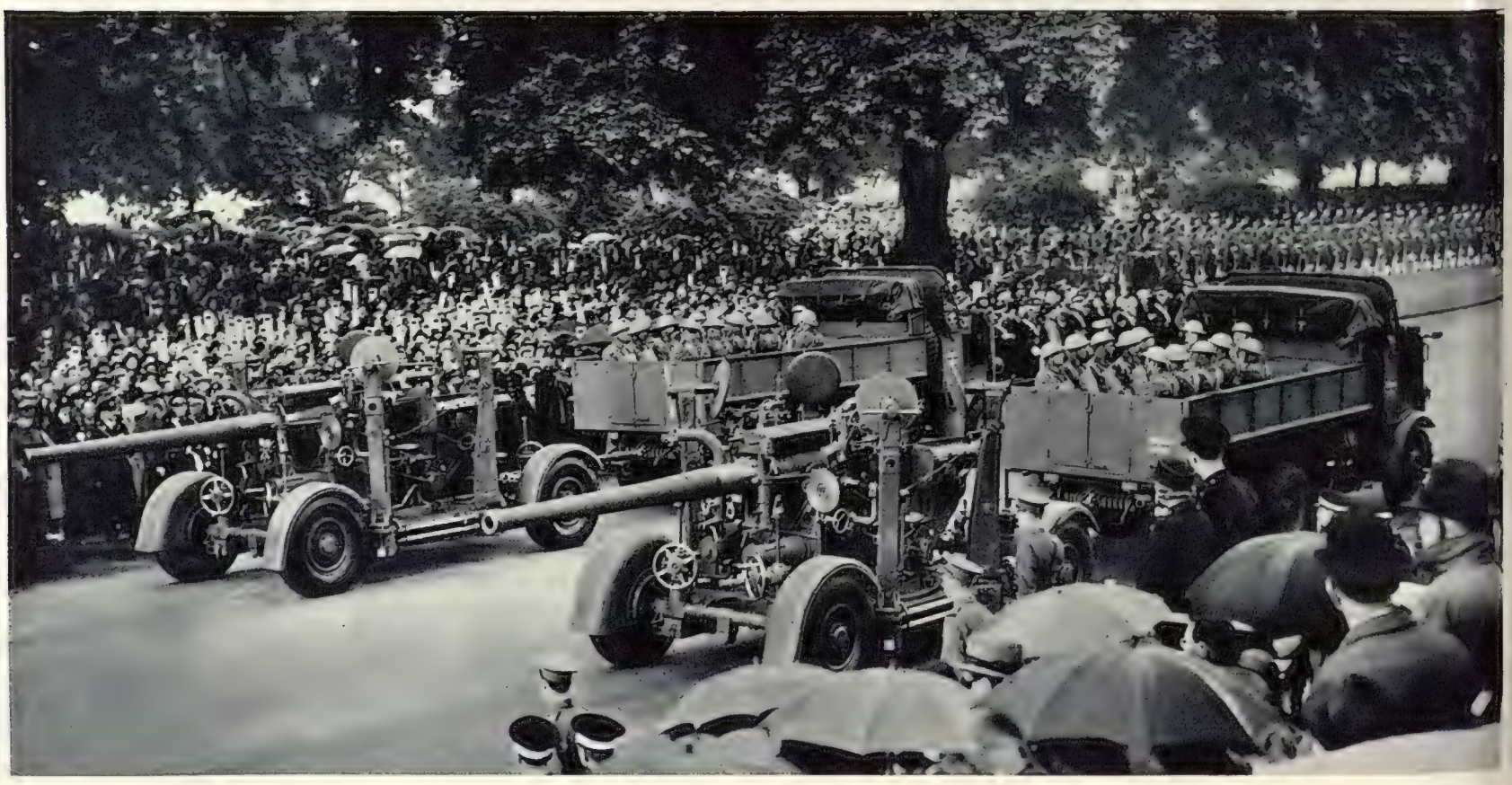
A GENERAL VIEW OF THE WALL OF THE POETS' CORNER SHOWING THE POSITION OF THE JOHNSON BUST

AN ARMY OF CITIZENS UNITED IN THE



THE MARCH PAST BEFORE THE KING

Representative of millions who are devoting their spare time to National Service, 20,000 men and women joined in a monster parade in Hyde Park last Sunday. The impression afforded by this demonstration of national unity will live long in the memories of the teeming thousands who watched the marching columns. The above general view shows the women's contingent of ambulance drivers and nurses after they had passed the Royal box. *Below*—Some of the anti-aircraft guns and their crews which formed part of the representative mechanised column



Cause of Defence:

The Great National Service Parade in Hyde Park Last Sunday Afternoon

In the picture immediately below are seen the men of the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve who marched past to the music of "Heart of Oak." These were followed by a contingent of the Honourable Artillery Company (infantry battalion) who in their turn were followed by the various Territorial units. Though heavy rain fell at this juncture, the enthusiasm of the watching crowd was unmarred

THE NATION ANSWERS THE CALL OF NATIONAL DEFENCE

MIXED FARE ON

"PERICLES," SHAKESPEARE'S RARELY PRODUCED PLAY, ENACTED IN REGENT'S PARK: The present season has been remarkable for the brilliant production of Shakespeare's *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*. As enacted in its leafy setting at the Open Air Theatre it has provided much novel entertainment to those who visit this pleasantest of London's theatrical amenities. Here in this group Simonides, King of Pentapolis (Tristan Rawson), is teasing his daughter, Thaisa (Sylvia Coleridge), for her love for Pericles (Robert Eddison) on left. The whole production has been admirably dressed by Miss Barbara Heseltine, who vigorously contrasts bold colouring with the sheer white of Marina and the ballets which conclude the play

"HOLD, HERE'S GOLD FOR THEE": Marina (Margaret Vines), the daughter of Pericles, has fallen on evil days when she encounters Lysimachus, Governor of Mitylene (Christopher Quest). He soon discovers that she is well born and urges her to "persever in that clear way thou goest, and the gods strengthen thee!"

ANY play about such a subject as Nazi persecutions that at the same time shows restraint and is not an orgy of indignation and sympathetic appeal, laid on with a shovel, is to be commended. I was much attracted by *Juggernaut* when it was produced at the Aldwych Theatre by the Repertory Players not long ago on a Sunday night (so far as I find it possible to be attracted by any play that is produced on a Sunday night, and that not by any means for Sabbatarian reasons). Still more was I impressed by it at the Saville last week when it was launched for a run.

That the hero is a Jewish doctor, a good fellow doing fine work in his profession and doing much of it for nothing in order to aid his distressed fellow-creatures, is purely incidental. A stirring and topical subject of course; but it is also one which might in many circumstances make an inferior play exciting. Sympathy is there, ready-made, with the oppressed—naturally so and justly—and the whole thing on that account is only too easy.

But *Juggernaut* would have qualities equally compelling if its hero were a Buddhist priest persecuted by Patagonian Indians. That is to say the authors have concentrated on their story as a subject for a play, and on making it perfect with that object in view, and not on the racial, religious or political passions it tends to evoke.

Here it is possible to see the point of view of almost everyone concerned—even of the rather unpleasant young men who stride about the house towards the end of the evening in uniform and in humourless fanaticism. With this gang I do not imagine anyone could sympathise—certainly I could not—but they were not merely held up to ridicule. The snobbish old nobleman who was very rude to the young Jew who proposed to marry his daughter was hardly lovable at that moment, though he grew more lovable later on, but it must be remembered that pre-war Austria was like that.

The Jew himself, admirably played by Mr. Leo Genn, was no preposterous stick of virtue, receiving the blows that fell upon him and his race with an air of smug martyrdom, but a man with a will of his own and a sense of humour too. His Christian and aristocratic wife (Miss Marjorie Mars) was just a darling. So was Miss Helen Haye—what an actress this is!—as her mother. The rolling years (1914-1938) are bridged over with skill and the piece is not too rambling or disjointed. And in the person of Mr. Harold Warrender it has a sort of humorous compère which saves it from being morbid. This picture of a cynical, unscrupulous pleasure-loving young man of good family who simply refuses to fall on bad times is the best thing this clever actor has given us.

"The Desert Song."—There are uniforms of a very different type in *The Desert Song*, which has been revived at the Garrick necessarily on somewhat less elaborate lines than the original production at Drury Lane. That production was only in 1927, but if anyone had sworn to me that it was in 1897 I would not have been surprised. The piece seemed to have dated incredibly. Probably any other Drury Lane musical production of even more recent vintage would produce the same effect if transferred to a smaller theatre and with a rather less distinguished company. There is, I suppose, a glamour of sorts about a monster spectacular show; when that glamour is not there and one has, perforce, to put the thing under a microscope, one must prepare to be disillusioned.

However, if this yarn of a sort of Robin Hood of Morocco, pretending to be merely the stupid and lymphatic son of a local Colonel Blimp, with its French uniforms, dancing girls, sinister Arabs, and the rest of the familiar stuff, does not seem to amount to much nowadays, a very good job has been made of it at the Garrick. Mr. Bruce Carfax—an actor tenor (or, perhaps I should say, a tenor actor) obviously born for this sort of thing—heads the cast. Miss Doris Francis puts any amount of energy into the part of the heroine and can sing really well. There is a large chorus and an excellent orchestra, excellently directed. (It may not be amiss to point out that there are only two other examples in London just now of this type of entertainment which at one time was so vastly popular—and that it is a type which keeps a large number of people in employment in difficult times.) But the humour is really terrible. That was not solely the fault of those in charge of it.

"The Ascent of F.6."—I had heard much of this queerly-named play, but until it reached the Old Vic last week I had not seen it. I certainly do not wish to see it again, for, frankly, it is the type of dramatic contraption which not so much bores as exasperates me. It would be foolish to suggest that its authors, Mr. Christopher Isherwood and Mr. W. H. Auden, are not clever fellows (except when they are being clever-clever) though as dramatists they have a good deal to learn.

What I find exasperating here, in addition to some priggishness of outlook which is so often apt to go with highness of brow, is an attempt to cram into a dramatic medium numerous subjects which it simply cannot hold. It is good to realise that the authors are so brainy; you can almost hear, as Bernard Shaw said of his Mr. Bohun in *You Never Can Tell*, those powerful minds working. But

THE LONDON STAGE

A Drama of Political Persecution at the Aldwych—The Well-staged Revival of "The Desert Song" at the Garrick—A Red Glow on F.6—Shakespeare in Regent's Park

Reviewed by PHILIP PAGE

they also work rather untidily and they put their owners in an extremely bad temper most of the time.

F.6 is not a balloon, as many people who discuss the play without having seen it seem to imagine, but a lofty and perilous mountain top in the Himalayas. A party of men are induced by the opportunist brother of one of them, a plausible politician who represents Big Business (so far as I could gather), to climb this peak. They are in a constant grouse against the people who have sent them and who are paying the expenses, their leader (the politician's brother) insulting everyone. Why? It is admitted that they liked mountain-climbing, with all its perils and hardships, for its own sake. They need not have gone at all. They certainly did not go from pride of country or in order to add laurels to Old England by being the first to scale the peak.

That vile-tempered leader (Mr. Alec Guinness played this awkward part extremely well) left us in no doubts about that. Indeed, underneath the whole play runs a Reddish undercurrent, with smacks at patriotism and the existing order of things generally. There is no reason why this should not be, provided it is a good play, any more than there is any reason why some of the characters should not drop into poetry providing it is good poetry. But the play is muddled and mediocre and its poetry at its best is nowhere near great poetry and at its worst it is tedious doggerel.

In addition to this political aspect—demonstrated quite amusingly by the sight of smug B.B.C. announcers in action, these being by far the best scenes — there are mystical moments. A loquacious old monk of Thibet (which sounds like the first line of a promising limerick) talks and talks and talks, in glibly perfect English, to Mr. Guinness about all sorts of esoteric subjects. Mr. Guinness, who by this time is wearing a beard and a dressing gown but is still in a bad temper, seems to be of the opinion that failure in this life is a far, far better thing than success, and that he would sooner the expedition failed than succeeded. Which was a pleasant position for his devoted followers, who for some inscrutable reason regarded him as a born leader of men.

Some of these followers we see, roped together and carrying ice-picks, groaning and cursing as they pull their way over dangerous crags. Since in fact they were pulling their way across a nice, smooth stage, with a background of nothing more awe-inspiring than grey curtains, I could not muster up much excitement. Surely the Old Vic, some of whose Shakespearean and other productions of late have been more than adequately staged, could have managed here some scenery of some sort. Or is this play too highbrow to need scenery? In that case why the costumes and the ropes and the ice-picks? Some of the climbers died. I believe that the one represented by Mr. Guinness also died. I really don't know and I certainly don't care.

The final scene was one of those familiar examples of nightmarish symbolism—masks, a man with a peer's coronet and another with a general's hat, all being made deliberately pompous and foolish and easy cock-shies for our enlightened young intelligentsia. Mr. Gyles Isham was one of the pomposities. I have never seen this admirable actor in so poor and so pretentious a play.

"WHAT WOULD YOU HAVE ME DO, GO TO THE WARS?" Boult (Harold Scott), servant to Pandar, expostulates with Marina, Pericles' daughter, who is attempting to induce him to break away from his evil mode of life

"LIKE HIM YOU SPAKE, LIKE HIM YOU ARE!" A moving scene occurs in Act V of *Pericles* at the Open Air Theatre when Thaisa recognises the voice of the bearded Pericles as that of her lost husband. Standing to the left of this central group is Helicanus, a lord of Tyre (W. E. Holloway), while to the right stand Antiochus (Wilfred Walter) and Marina, who has already been recognised by Pericles

Ballet at Covent Garden.—The King and Queen have paid a visit to the Russian Ballet at Covent Garden—there was an enormous house to welcome them—and the seal has now been set, as it were, on the season. There is much interesting work being done and few faults to be found. One of these is the curious lifelessness of the fine orchestra, which can only be due, of course, to the way it is conducted, for the *personnel* is the same as that when Sir Thomas Beecham and other operatic conductors were in charge. For the dancing this conducting is technically adequate and that is, after all, the main thing.

The new *Le Fils Prodigue* does not, I find, improve on second acquaintance. Prokovieff's music is definitely nasty. What is more, such cacophony is not in the least difficult; it is the easiest thing in all music to indulge in contrapuntalism which just does not fit. The choreography misses the whole spirit of the Biblical story, which would not matter much if only it were interesting in itself. It is merely vigorous. That fine dancer Mlle Baronova is quite wasted on those odd contortions with, apparently, a surgical appliance.

Jeux d'Enfants has now been added to the repertoire, with the delicious Mlle Riabouchinska as the deliciously inquisitive child.

FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS IN "PERICLES"

"The outward habit by the inward man"—
Act II, Scene II

"I never killed a mouse, nor hurt a fly"—
Act IV, Scene II

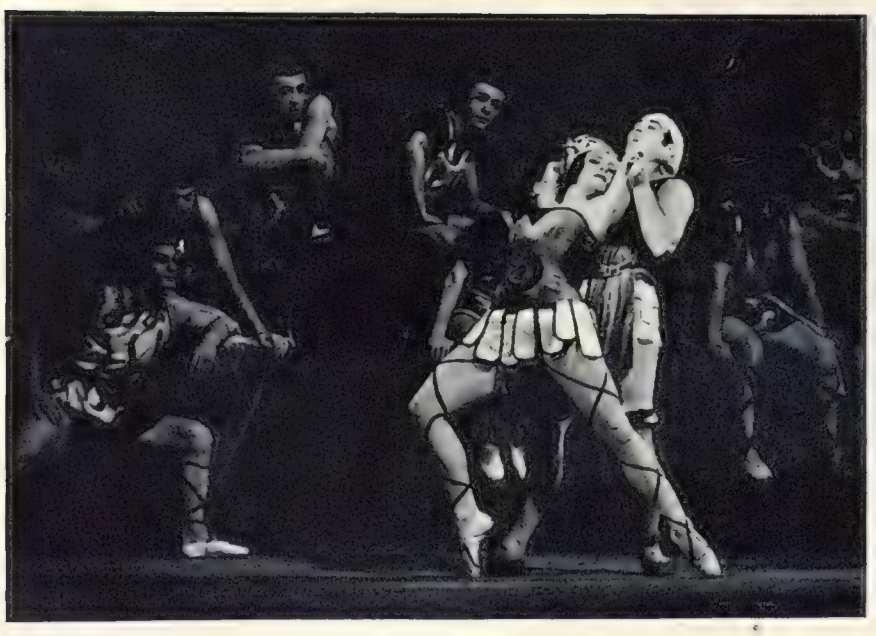
"What music? The music of the spheres"—
Act V, Scene I

SHOWS TO SEE

Hippodrome: *Black & Blue* (Frances Day).
Drury Lane: *The Dancing Years* (Ivor Novello and Mary Ellis).
Lyric: *The Women.*
Shaftesbury: *Behold the Bride* (Luise Rainer).
Sadler's Wells: Gilbert and Sullivan Operas.
Covent Garden: Russian Ballet Season.

"AURORA'S WEDDING": The abounding virtuosity of the dancers in this ever-popular ballet once again won vigorous approval from the brilliant first-night audience assembled at Covent Garden. The trio shown above are Vera Nelidova, Anna Leontieva, and Edouard Dzikovsky in the dance of Florestan and his sisters

THE RUSSIAN BALLET SEASON AT COVENT GARDEN



THREE MOMENTS OF LICHINE'S "FILS PRODIGUE" CAUGHT FOR "THE SPHERE" BY LANCELOT VINING: The outstanding feature of this first production in Europe of Lichine's *Prodigal Son*, with which the 1939 season at Covent Garden was inaugurated, is the massed building up of groups effected by what may be called the male chorus of carousers. Mlle Baronova, who skilfully portrays the temptress, is borne along on scores of hands and at one moment is lifted to a towering apex, a difficult task which was faultlessly carried out. Anton Dolin was the prodigal son

THE SUCCESS of the FRENCH FILM

With a Method Varying from the Careful to the Apparently Haphazard, the French Cinema Industry is Challenging the World

By ALEXANDER WATT

THE title of my last article on the French film industry was "The French Film Challenge Starts with the Invasion of London" (THE SPHERE, March 25). But it is not an exaggeration to state that the French films now challenge the world. I lately paid a number of visits to the Paris studios and was much impressed with what I saw. Many excellent films have been produced and others are awaiting distribution. The year 1939, I repeat, will be a most successful one for the French film industry.

I prophesied the success of *La Bête humaine*, which was the first French production to be shown at the new Paris Cinema in London and where *Hôtel du Nord* is now being screened. It is significant that this new London cinema has opened with two of the finest films that have been produced in France. They are the work of Jean Renoir and Marcel Carné, the leading French *metteurs-en-scene*, who have both just completed films: Renoir, *La Règle du Jeu*; and Carné, *Le Jour se lève*. I wonder what the London public will think of this last-named production? It is now showing at the Madeleine Cinema and is meeting with diverse criticism. From a technical point of view Carné has turned out a carefully studied, artistic production. This is another of the many films of psycho-sociological and somewhat sordid subjects that have become popular during the past few years.

JEAN RENOIR—brilliant producer of films in Paris—does not always look like this; it is only when things must be put right that his hair gets thus ruffled

Gabin certainly gives an admirable performance in *Le Jour se lève*, but we are tired of seeing him repeatedly act the part of the killer or the unfortunate fugitive from justice. He is being overworked in this type of role. These morality and "gangster" films are becoming almost a national characteristic of the French industry. That is one of the reasons why Renoir has attempted a new formula for his latest film. He describes his *La Règle du Jeu* as a gay drama. It is eagerly awaited. Those who saw his *La Bête humaine*, and afterwards, Carné's *Hôtel du Nord* at the Paris Cinema may have thought these two films typical of the French film industry and that they had been produced according to a formulated standard. Actually, the directors of these productions differ as much themselves as do their ideas and methods of filming. I discovered this for myself when I went to the Joinville studios to see Renoir direct *La Règle du Jeu*, and to Billancourt to watch Carné direct *Le Jour se lève*.

The Joinville studios are the biggest in Paris. I had to wander through many corridors and different sets before I came upon the chateau interiors for *La Règle du Jeu*. Renoir was there, a large, imposing figure, taking a last look over the decor before shooting. Renoir directs with a patient thoroughness coupled with a speedy assurance. I watched him repeat a small scene at least six times before he was satisfied with the result. He is the very centre of all activity. Everything turns round him.

He pays careful attention to lighting, camera work and make-up, technical points which are usually supervised by the director's assistants. He inspires an extraordinary confidence both in the actors and his technicians. He naturally enforces everyone to do his best. He is constantly on the move, going from camera to actor, from script girl to technician, making sure of every requirement. After each shot he either politely requests that it be done over again or, if he is satisfied, inquires whether his assistants are in agreement. Renoir's complacent manner and his simple, authoritative directing induce perfect team-work.

Jean Renoir—who has two brothers, Pierre and Claude, also in the film industry—is the son of Auguste Renoir, the famous Impressionist painter. This explains much of the artistry of his productions which, with his psychological insight and special care for detail, are the elements governing the success of his films. No French director has ever earned such a reputation abroad. He made *Nana*, *Madame Bovary*, *Le Crime de Monsieur Lange*, *Les Bas fonds* and then came that magnificent production *La Grande Illusion* which of all films has earned the highest awards.

Renoir himself sometimes acts in his films. He took a small part in *La Bête humaine* and appears in some of the outdoor scenes in his *La Règle du Jeu*. His exteriors are pictures themselves of studied beauty and simplicity. He has a rare sense for landscape composition, no doubt inherited from his illustrious father.

(Continued on p. 76)

IN A JEAN RENOIR PRODUCTION: Mila Parely has this snappy look in *La Règle du Jeu*, produced by Renoir. *On left*—Jean Gabin working a sand-blasting machine. He is with Marcel Carné

A LOVELY RENOIR SETTING: Nora Grégor and Gaston Modot meet on the bridge in front of this charming Renaissance chateau—an effective use of a real bridge and scenic background

A MARCEL CARNÉ STUDIO SETTING: In the Billancourt studios this little square in a Paris suburb has been faithfully reproduced—advertisements, cobbles, and telegraph wires—nothing has been forgotten

IN "LE JOUR SE LÈVE": *Above* is a study of Jacqueline Laurent, and *on left* is a portrait of Arletty. Both are in the cast of this Marcel Carné production which is yet another psycho-sociological study of low life

WHERE AMERICA'S FIRST OIL WELL WAS DRILLED: Here, at Titusville, Pennsylvania, was drilled the first well for oil on August 27, 1859, by "the foresight of Edwin L. Drake"

THE AFTERMATH OF DRAKE'S DISCOVERY: An astonishing scene in Wilmington Field, California, where oil derricks invade the residential quarters with the carefree air of an electric pylon

OIL ACROSS THE DESERT: An overhead view of H.4 pumping station on the Transjordan pipe-line system showing the administrative compound to the right with several outlying buildings

OIL

The New Power which has Gripped the World

by NOEL THOMPSON

THE Berlin–Rome–Tokyo axis undoubtedly needs some grease to ensure smooth running. But the oil distribution of the world is for the most part out of their grasp, which is a good thing. If they could strangle the oil industry they could strangle the world. That is rather a forbidding beginning to a subject which came to my mind when my car ran out of petrol in Buckinghamshire, apparently without a station within miles. Luckily there was a village, and more important, a petrol pump, just round the corner.

Like glass, wireless, silk stockings, and other things which I might call less important, we take petrol for granted these days. Yet it was only 80 years ago to within a few days that a Mr. Drake drove a shaft in Titusville, in Pennsylvania, and struck oil at a depth of 69 ft. That was the first well ever sunk with the definite purpose of obtaining oil, and is commemorated by a tablet on a stone on the spot as the birth of the petroleum industry. It is true that the Chinese, always well ahead of civilisation, drove a well 3,500 ft. in depth in 221 B.C. with equipment which was the forerunner exactly of all drilling equipment, but only brine was sought for, and the gas to evaporate it.

Nebuchadnezzar used asphalt bitumen for paving and cementing purposes, and the Romans for road-making, while the Seneca Indians thought the exudations of crude oil had medicinal uses—as indeed they now have.

But it was only a few years ago that petroleum came into its own, and now there are 1,800 products and by-products obtained from this invaluable "juice." And science keeps on discovering more and more. I skimmed through a list, and ignoring for the moment petrol, diesel oil, fuel oil, asphalt, and bitumen, I found scores of different kinds of invaluable oils used every day in industry. I pass by also paraffin (kerosene).

But these are some of the products based on petroleum: many cosmetics, solvents, ink, paint, rubber for tyres, metal polish, soap, varnishes, lighthouse oil, fruit and vegetable fungicide, hair oils, candle wax, chewing gum wax, laundry and etchers' wax, medicinal products, waterproofing compounds, liquid cement, and even pickling acid.

To return to the serious question of oil. Nobody knows in how many parts of the world it may be found eventually. The science of discovering its likely whereabouts by geology is still quite young. England has likely places—it might be almost anywhere in the world.

And think what a world without petrol would be like nowadays. Half the sea transport, all air transport, and most land transport would come to a standstill. Civilisation in its modern form would be pulled up dead if the supply of oil suddenly dried up.

The most amazing point of all is that nobody knows for certain how nature evolved such an apparently inexhaustible supply of power. Millions of years produced it, often from purely vegetable matter, occasionally from animal matter, but definitely organic matter, with traces of marine life. And there we must leave the chemists to their discoveries.

Well, when you order the tank of your car to be filled up, where does that petrol come from? The chances are that it will be from a country 90 per cent. of you never thought of, Venezuela, from whom we take twice as much as from any other country. The rest of the supplies are from the United States and Iran. Last year we imported 4,920,000 tons of motor spirit, and 1,472,000 tons of fuel oil (quite apart from Admiralty requirements).

IN IRAN: This drilling station is at Aghi Jari. The works are among the eroded hills of barren desert country

Diehards say, "What would happen in case of war?" Well, I cannot give you any details about the amounts stored in this country, which are enormous, but the trade routes must be kept open for ships carrying food and other necessities, and the tankers will have to go along with them. There are in the world about 1,600 tankers, of which more than a quarter belong to Great Britain and the Dominions. Allow these tankers to do five journeys a year, and they will carry about as much oil as the whole British Empire needs.

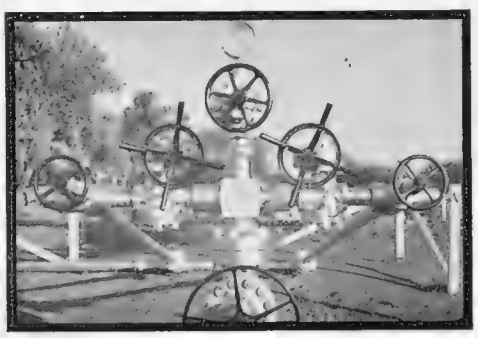
With regard to shipping oil, it is an interesting point that Norway owns 250 tankers. Not for her own use, but they ply under charter, a tradition they carry on from the whaling days.

Now supposing there was another war. A fast, single-seater fighter in the R.A.F. may use as much as 50 gallons of petrol in an hour. A bomber will probably use five times as much as that in a short expedition. Yet with all the flying now going on the sales of petrol have hardly increased; which shows that it is you and me, the public, who create the demand, and therefore may have to cut down in time of emergency.

And in time of war, where would we turn for oil? Russia no longer exports oil and her figures are not available. More than a quarter of the Empire's needs comes from the Empire—Trinidad, Bahrein, Burma, Borneo, Canada and India.

Study this abbreviated statement (in tons) of oil produced in 1938 and it may help to clarify the world situation for you: U.S.A., 164,740,000; U.S.S.R., 29,300,000; Venezuela, 27,740,000; Iran, 10,000,000; Dutch East Indies, 7,300,000; Rumania, 6,600,000; Mexico, 4,800,000; Iraq, 4,250,000; Greater Germany, 625,000; Poland,

(Continued on page 76)



A CHRISTMAS TREE OIL CONTROL: It sends oil in a desired direction by a turn of the wheel. *On left*—An odd scene in an Oklahoma garden, invaded by an oil derrick

THE VULNERABLE POINT IN OIL SUPPLY: One of the 1,600 oil tankers which convey oil across the seas to the world's ports. This particular tanker is *The British Statesman* and she is passing through the Suez Canal. At her bow is fixed a searchlight for the night passage

LONDON'S RIVERSIDE FIRE

is Viewed from the Oozy Beach at Low Tide

FIREMEN AND ONLOOKERS ON LONDON'S BEACH: On Wednesday of last week a fire at an iron founder's premises in Upper Thames Street gave Londoners an astonishing sight. The premises back on to the river, and firemen and adventurous youths made use of the oozy shore—the river being at low tide—the former for the purpose of bringing hoses into play and the latter in order to enjoy the spectacle from an exceptional viewpoint

THE SCENE IN QUEEN VICTORIA STREET DURING THE RIVERSIDE FIRE: To the right can be seen Upper Thames Street with the fire brigade at work close to the burning building. To the left is the wide thoroughfare of Queen Victoria Street across which smoke is blowing, in the direction of St. Paul's Cathedral, the dome of which was at one time shrouded from view. On the left are the Telephone building and the outer offices of *The Times*

HOLIDAY FUN

Can be Amazingly Inexpensive if You Buy All Your Clothes at the Sales

YOU have decided where you are going, and you have made up your mind exactly what new clothes you want. The list, gratifyingly small at first, has doubtless grown alarmingly from day to day, so that now you are all set to seize time by the forelock and to dash off to the sales.

So far as beach-wear is concerned you need not worry in the slightest. There are dozens of real bargains for the choosing. Keep an eye on the costume-jewellery departments, for the simplest cotton play-suit takes on a Rue de la Paix air if it is cheered up with an amusing necklace or ear-rings. Let them be chunky and wide, but do not wear them so faithfully that they spoil the smooth effect of your carefully-acquired tan.

When you are turning over the woollies, in addition to the cashmeres you will want for the country and for cool seaside days, buy one of the new long sweaters. Wear it over a bathing suit, pulled well down on the hips, and you will be warm and just as chic as can be.

Think ahead a little and see about a classic suit for the autumn. Most good tailors will make them at reduced prices during August and September. Pick up an odd skirt or two while you can get them at half price. And see about a camel-hair coat if you are wanting one to travel around in.

July 10 is a big day for bargain hunters for it marks the beginning of Harrods' sale, which lasts for only six days. Whether you are going to the seaside or the country you will find their all-wool flannel trousers at 15s. an excellent investment. Add some short-sleeved poplin shirts at 6s. 9d. and choose them in bright colours and you will be well set up, particularly if you also get some cashmere cardigan and sweater sets, reduced respectively from 39s. 6d. and 35s. 9d. to 22s. and 21s.

One of Harrods' outstandingly good ideas is to offer all-wool frieze skirts, specially dyed to match these cashmeres, at 18s. instead of 32s. 6d.

As for the aforementioned camel-hair coats, you will find camel-hair swaggers reduced from 4 guineas to 69s. 6d., or, if you prefer them, guardsman-style coats, 100 per cent. camel hair, for the same price. For easy packing think of one or two woollen day dresses, ideal when the weather is cool, made with trim buttoned-through bodices and sunray pleated skirts, for 55s. instead of 4½ guineas.

And if you want to be thoroughly practical, be very sure to see their furs and fur coats. An enormous number of them are reduced to half price, so that you can even satisfy your craving for mink by choosing a coat at 30 guineas. If you should be satisfied with mink-dyed marmot you will find full-length coats for 8 guineas, while you can pick up American broadtail or Indian lamb coats for 18 guineas instead of 35 guineas. A ponyskin coat, hard-wearing and light in weight, can be yours for 5 guineas, or for the same price you can get a fine quality Scotch moleskin, swagger length.

The sale at Peter Robinson's also begins on the 10th, but lasts for twelve days. This is the place for swim-suits, for they have a large collection of all-wool suits, made by a world-famous manufacturer, and sensationally reduced from such prices as 25s. 9d. and 22s. 6d. to 7s. 6d. and 10s.

Here, too, you can find the perfect holiday suit, for their well-known striped worsted flannel suits, in navy or grey, single-breasted or link-fastened, are reduced from 63s. to 50s., and they were wonderful value in the first place. They also have a range of cloth coats trimmed with lamb, skunk, or squirrel, for only 60s. each, and some fascinating fox lamb coatees, coloured like blue fox or red fox, for only 8 guineas.

There is something peculiarly satisfying in coming back from a holiday to a room that has been freshly furbished, and Peter Robinson's provide you with a grand excuse for having your furniture re-covered. During their sale they are offering a large selection of fadeless printed linens and shadow cretonnes in charming designs at 2s. 11d. a yard, and they will make loose covers and curtains of these materials free of charge. Only if you live more than four miles from London do you incur any expense, and that is only for the cutter's fare and travelling time.

Beach Bloomers, *pretty as a picture, and practical as can be, worn beneath a bright blue tunic piped with white. Lelong makes the sash, the bloomers, and the bootees in red silk spotted with white, and adds white sandals and huge white-rimmed sun glasses*

An Old Favourite *that has come back with sensational success. Blue alpaca, cool and light, and never-failingly crisp. It is used here for one of Creed's impeccable suits, the little basqued jacket edged with fine white embroidery, and the gloves delicately veined in the same way*

White Wins *every time this summer. It is smart by the sea, it is smart in town, and it is unrivalled when Jacqmar-Heim makes it into a Jeunes Filles coat like this one of smooth white wool. Exquisitely cut and tailored, it has the enviable distinction of supreme simplicity*

THE PRINCESSES GO A-SWIMMING: And Win Prizes at the Bath Club

PRINCESS ELIZABETH AT THE BATH CLUB CONTEST—Grouped with her fellow competitors before an event

At the Bath Club last week Princess Elizabeth (left in above group) won the Children's Challenge Shield Competition for girls over nine and under fourteen against nine other competitors. Princess Margaret won the Children's Challenge Cup for children under nine years of age against eight other competitors. The Queen saw the contests from the gallery which runs round the swimming pool. The Princesses gave their mother no recognition when she entered beyond rising with the other competitors

PRINCESS MARGARET WAITING HER TURN

PRINCESS ELIZABETH LIFE-SAVING DURING THE CHALLENGE SHIELD COMPETITION—An apparently drowning and slightly struggling person had to be rescued

Both events included one length breast stroke, judged for style; one width back stroke, judged for style; one width life-saving in which competitors had to rescue an apparently drowning person, struggling slightly; and a dive from the side of the bath. Princess Elizabeth won with thirty-five points out of a possible forty. Princess Margaret had thirty-five and a half points out of forty. In the style swimming they were held to go far ahead of their rivals. Both Princesses had been practising hard for these contests and the fact that they were entering for them was one of the first items of news disclosed at the family reunion

A SINCERE BIOGRAPHY OF STELLA BENSON:

R. Ellis Roberts' Fine Portrayal of a Brilliant, Elusive Personality

IN contemporary letters, the name of Stella Benson stands by itself, for hers was a talent not comparable to any other; brilliant, elusive, individual and her own. When she died so early after a life of frail health, which she herself would never acknowledge as important, something very rare passed with her. Mr. R. Ellis Roberts' **PORTRAIT OF STELLA BENSON** (Macmillan. 15s.) is therefore welcome for a number of reasons, only one of which is Mr. Roberts' own standing as a critic. In the latter years of her life Mr. Roberts knew Stella Benson well, and recognised in her something even finer than her writing.

"Of all the people I have known and loved," he writes, "Stella Benson was supreme in this: I could never dream of blaming her, not even when I thought she was unjust to me. . . . There were many reasons for this; the admiration for the artist, the profound joy in her indomitable courage, the love I felt for her as herself, the deep liking for the child in her, and the respect for one who was indefatigable in the pursuit of any task she set herself, and the wonder at her swiftness to look for occasions for being kind and useful. . . . Then there was, too, the complete absence of pretension and fuss in her attitude to her work. . . . She saw no reason why an artist should be indulged more than other people. Her rebellion was of the spirit and the mind, not an uneasy search for an undeserved freedom. . . ."

I have quoted at some length because I felt when I read that passage that it had been written in such sincerity that it contained the essence of the whole biography, and in some small proportion the essence of Stella Benson herself.

More than half of her life was spent in travelling and in living on the other side of the world from the Shropshire she loved. An early visit to America found her settled for a time in California, working at a number of improbable jobs and alternating between wild enjoyment and complete rejection of the irresponsible life that surrounded her. Some time later she was to write *The Poor Man* and lose many of her Californian friendships, and on that score I wish I had the space to reproduce part of a long and extremely relevant letter which she wrote, explaining her attitude to "America and specially the West." It is frank, it is witty, it is biased and yet it is full of good sense. One day it might be printed by itself, and taken in a solitary small dose like a particularly strong and stimulating cocktail.

From California the natural step seemed to be towards Japan and China, and it was in China that Stella Benson found, though not entirely of her own choosing, her new home. She was married in London soon after and went back to China with her husband. It was between that time and her death early in 1934 that her best-known work was done, and those books written which gained her a discriminating and, I think, an affectionate public. It is this quality, this sense of being, as she herself once said of a friend, "a very special one," that her biographer has managed to convey, and by adding an appendix of twenty-five of her inimitable letters, he has signed a portrait of great feeling and charm.

"RACING ENGLAND": Two fine print reproductions in Patrick Chalmers' new book *Racing England* (Batsford. 12s. 6d.). The one on the left is entitled "A Hero of the Turf and his Agent" and is taken from an early nineteenth-century print. On the right are the "Fathers of the Turf," Admiral Rous and Mr. George Payne, two famous nineteenth-century racing personalities

Some gifts, such as water-divining and the ability to play three concurrent games of chess, strike ordinary people as astounding and even enviable, but at the same time a little alarming. So it is with the heroine of a novel, who, finding that she possesses the power of transporting herself into the fourteenth century, is exploited by her chilly, archæologist husband as a help in his researches. We admire the lady perhaps for her strange powers, but we have an unexpressed feeling that we are more secure without them ourselves.

DOUBLE ENTRY (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.) is Miss Constance Rutherford's story of a lovely girl, simple to the point of naïveté, but with the power of entering into a trance-like state in which she not only evokes, but herself relives the past, whether of twenty or five hundred years' distance. All of which is extremely helpful to her husband who has bought an old French chateau and is planning a book on its history.

Unfortunately, he pushes the researches too far, and his young wife, identifying herself more and more with the fiery fourteenth-century chatelaine of the big house in which she is living, kills him with an old dagger during one of her "dream" periods. Her resistance has snapped and for some months the division between her own life and her wild forerunner's seems too tenuous for sanity.

Miss Rutherford's obvious allegiance to Dunne's theory of time, and the skill with which she applies it to a melodramatic theme, make this an oddly fascinating book—not commonplace in any sense and with a quiet distinction of its own.

Mr. Geoffrey Harmsworth is another of those enthusiastic travellers who, like Mr. Charles Graves, spend a crowded six weeks tearing from side to side of the United States and can hardly find pen and paper quickly enough to put down their happy impressions during the seventh week.

I LIKE AMERICA (Hutchinson. 10s. 6d.) is Mr. Harmsworth's contribution to international good fellowship, and very jolly and friendly it is. Mr. Harmsworth and his brother, Sir Harold, visited the States during September of last year, a time which recalls unbearable suspense to most of us and to the two travellers that same anxiety, necessarily overlaid with the excitement of the scenes they were witnessing. Their first objective was to present two sixteenth-century portraits of Sir Walter and Lady Raleigh to the reconstructed colonial town of Williamsburg, the old capital of Virginia.

Williamsburg itself would be well worth a journey to America, since it is that unique thing, a town perfectly and exactly rebuilt and even refurnished to its original plans. The gardeners who care for the grass plots and trimmed yews wear satin liveries, and the attendants in the museums and houses wear immense side hoops and brocades. Even the surface of the main road is of the correct dusty consistency, and the only anachronisms are the motor cars which, though reduced to the crawling speed of 15 m.p.h., still drone cautiously past the exquisite white houses and lawns.

It was Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., who made it possible for this extremely ambitious scheme to succeed, and when one thinks that he is the same man who is responsible for New York's most impressive and most beautiful sky-scraper, one gets, as Mr. Harmsworth might say, a new slant on millionaires. After Virginia—Hollywood, contrast being the essence of something or other, and in Hollywood meetings with two of the three greatest stars. Mr. Charlie Chaplin gave a distressingly good imitation of Hitler, which may or may not have some bearing on his long-promised film, *The Dictator*, and Miss Shirley Temple was observed on her set and duly appreciated.

Alcatraz penitentiary, Mr. William Randolph Hearst's Californian palace, and Aimee Semple MacPherson's temple were other places of call, and, after a brief stop at Salt Lake City, and a not so brief discourse on the Mormon creed, Mr. Harmsworth was on his way home to a comfortable five-day crossing and the writing of this high-spirited travel log.

Mr. E. E. P. Tisdall has chosen one of the strangest of England's queens for his new royal biography. **THE WANTON QUEEN** (Stanley Paul. 10s. 6d.) is the story of Queen Caroline, that half-pathetic, half-comic figure whose excesses and originalities made George IV's life as Regent more hazardous than even that troubled existence might have been.

Caroline came from Brunswick in 1795 to marry the Prince of Wales and to take another step in what had been her childhood game of playing at kings and queens. Further than this stage, however, poor Caroline was not to reach, for at her husband's coronation she was refused entrance to the Abbey and drove from door to door grotesquely, asking for admission.

"A file of soldiers stood across the road. Her Majesty came from the carriage. The men did not salute. . . . Silence had fallen on the crowd. All could see now who was the rather shapeless, full-bosomed woman who stood in the roadway, waiting for the storm of cheers. No sound came from the spectators. An official stepped forward to Lord Hood.

"'Your tickets?'

"'Don't you know your Queen? She needs no ticket.'

"'I regret, my lord, that I have no authority to let Her Majesty pass without a ticket,' came the firm reply.

"From one entrance to another went the carriage on its journey of humiliation. . . ."

Within three weeks Caroline was dead, and her funeral procession from the house in Hammersmith caused one of the most serious of London riots.

Between the happy start and the tragic, even sordid, end there is a strange history, of which Mr. Tisdall makes the best. Her contemporaries knew her to be a woman of infinite moods, some of them vicious, some enchanting, but they all knew that not in the most kindly estimate of her character could there be included more than a shred of that dignity which should have been a part of her heritage.

She was an unhappy woman, and perhaps worthy of a closer scrutiny than she is accorded here, though the writer makes lively use of his material and has achieved the difficult feat of avoiding the bawdiness yet keeping the flavour of Regency gossip.

Vernon Fane

OLD ALTAR TOMB AT ELMORE: One of the many excellent illustrations in *Gloucestershire*, a Shell guide by Anthony West (Faber and Faber. 3s. 6d.). This guide, which covers every town and village in the county, will be invaluable to those who want really to explore and to find the true Gloucestershire

This England . . .

From Brockmans Mount, Kent

"FIRST, ye shall enquire if ther be any person, that doth possess any Swanne, and hath not compounded with the Kings Maiesty for his Marke, six shillings and eight pence . . ." Thus begins the Auncient Order for Swannes, published in 1570, that collates the "Statutes, Orders and Customes, used within the Realme of England." For this is the season of "swan-upping"—the checking and marking of the royal or manorial birds—and occurring in high summer, was for centuries the occasion of joyous aquatic outings. To-day (though swans be not your mark) the refreshment you seek upon the verge of our lovely waters will surely come from that same past, for there you will find the great ale called Worthington—genial partner in centuries of English merrymaking.

ISSUED BY WORTHINGTON AND CO. LTD., BURTON-ON-TRENT, ENGLAND

A view taken from the roof of Amsterdam Central Station of the new flagship *Oranje* as she was towed recently to the Amsterdamsche Company's dry dock to be painted before setting out on her first technical trial voyage

NEW VESSELS

The launching and christening of a 17,000-ton packet boat for the Belgian Congo at the Hoboken des Anvers shipyards. The ceremony was presided over by Crown Prince Baudouin. The ship is named *Baudouinville*

THE NEED FOR MORE MOBILE POLICE

With the Increase in the Number of New Drivers and the Greater Congestion on the Roads, the Need for a Larger and More Active Force of Mobile Courtesy Police Becomes Plainly Evident

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E. (Clerk of the Course, Brooklands)

IN the report issued by the Select Committee of the House of Lords a very strong recommendation for a further big increase in the number of mobile courtesy police was published. Since the report saw the light of day the House of Lords themselves have been proclaiming their keen desire for this strengthening of the mobile police. I think every motorist who uses the road day in and day out will support their lordships in this matter. The idea of the "courtesy cops" was an excellent one, and Lord Cottenham, who was mainly responsible for their introduction, deserves every credit for his work, but since he has relinquished his connection with the Metropolitan Police Force my observations prompt me to believe the activities of the "courtesy cops" have distinctly diminished.

THE FORD V-8 "30" SALOON: Well known to motorists is the brilliant acceleration provided by the V-8 engine of this roomy saloon on which no pains have been spared to make it a thoroughly smooth-running and luxurious vehicle

My average mileage exceeds 500 per week and yet it is fully six months since I have noticed a mobile policeman talking to any motorist on the road. If the man in blue on a motor-cycle is going to do nothing, there is no object whatever in increasing the force. I am not in a position to know whether these men have the motoring experience to enable them to detect driving faults in others and then be sufficiently certain of themselves to point out the errors, but I feel quite certain that if I were a "courtesy cop" it would take me twice the time to accomplish any of my usual weekly journeys stopping and reprimanding every driver whom I saw committing errors of judgment or being careless whilst driving. As I never see "courtesy cops" actively engaged on their job, I therefore suspect that they have either been told to slack or they have not the knowledge and experience necessary for their job.

Last week-end whilst driving along the Barnet by-pass in the direction of London I came across a string of seven motor coaches. The general traffic on the road was fairly heavy and I thought as I came up behind the last of the motor coaches, all of which I was desirous of overtaking, that the operation of getting past would take a little time. Without exaggeration I followed those coaches for about six miles and even then I never succeeded in overtaking any of them. This restriction of my movements was not caused through excessive speed on the part of the big vehicles, but solely on account of their being so close together that any overtaking vehicle like mine had to wait for a gap in the opposing traffic sufficiently drawn out to enable the whole seven vehicles to be overtaken in one swoop.

I saw a couple of mobile police on motor-cycles travelling in the opposite direction to myself but apparently they did not notice that there was a long string of vehicles, of which I formed the head, trying to overtake this cavalcade of coaches. On this same evening I encountered an unusual number of cars coming in the opposite direction which were apparently fitted with that unpleasant dimming device of switching off one headlamp and leaving the other full on without the beam being deflected. No matter what the technical side of the law may be regarding headlamps, I reckon that drivers who sit behind the wheels of cars with headlamps that operate in this manner are guilty of dangerous driving and to me, at any rate, seem to be fitting targets at which mobile police could direct their attention.

For the past six or seven years I have purchased a new car every twelve months. This is a policy which I considered gave me the best and most pleasant motoring at the cheapest cost, but owing to the difficulty of disposing of my used car during 1937 and 1938, I decided at the beginning of 1939 I would embark on a new plan and buy a second-hand vehicle. On many occasions I have bought small cars in the second-hand market and I must say that, even taking a certain amount of precaution, my deals have not always been too satisfactory. However, on this occasion my object was to replace my big car and I made up my mind that a Bentley would be the most satisfactory for my work. Most people cannot afford to buy a new Rolls-Royce or Bentley and in consequence banish all thoughts in their minds of acquiring one of these cars. This retreat is quite unnecessary as I have proved from my own personal experience.

Practically every enthusiastic motorist has the ambition one day to become the owner of one of these cars, and to a great number the longed-for day appears far distant. Now buying a second-hand Rolls or Bentley is quite a different matter to that of acquiring a used specimen of most other cars. To commence with, neither of these makes advertise their age by their appearance. The companies responsible for their manufacture have for many years adopted the policy of retaining the shape and general lines of their radiator and bonnet, with the result that only experts, and very few of them, can distinguish at sight between a 1939 and, say, a 1935 model. The owner, therefore, of a 1935 Rolls or Bentley can be just as proud of his vehicle as the owner of a 1939 specimen.

In actual fact the car I bought was a 1935 3½-litre Bentley. My intention when I wandered into the showrooms of Car Mart Ltd., was to purchase a 1937 model but the two cars in which I was interested at the time of my visit were out on trial with prospective purchasers. Although I waited at the showroom the best part of an hour the cars never came back for my inspection for the simple reason they had been purchased on the spot. A representative of the firm apologised for keeping me in suspense and before letting me go casually remarked "I suppose you would not be interested in a car four years old." I replied that I did not think so but there was no harm in looking at one.

To cut the story short I bought the car in question, and as it had been passed out as correct by the makers I had no doubt that it would give me every satisfaction. I have now driven that car 12,000 miles since January 1 and so far as I can see it is going as well to-day as it did during the first year of its existence. It is fitted with a low four-seater saloon body by the well-known coachbuilders, Freestone and Webb, Ltd., and it says much for their craftsmanship that the body still looks almost brand new and only discloses its age by emitting a few creaks when the weather is very dry. The total mileage on the speedometer is now 48,000, but although that may appear fairly formidable to readers who have not had experience of Rolls-Royce and Bentley cars, I can assure them that such a mileage is absolutely nothing to cars built and produced in the famous factory at Derby.

The two points I wish to emphasise are that motorists who cannot conveniently lay their hands on the necessary capital to purchase a new Rolls or Bentley need not wait until their finances are stronger, because they can do what I have done and become the proud possessor of one of these cars at an expenditure of between £500 and £600. Secondly, there need be none of that uncertainty as to whether the second-hand car will turn out to be a disappointment or not. If the car has been vetted and passed out by the makers there is no more risk in buying it than in purchasing a new vehicle.

(*Continued on page* 70)

MOTORISTS' RENDEZVOUS: Some of the many cars parked alongside the river Avon at Stratford-on-Avon, Warwickshire. Fine weather at week-ends brings many motorists from the Midlands to this beauty spot. In the background is the famous fifteenth-century Clopton Bridge built by and named after Sir Hugh Clopton, Lord Mayor of London

SUMMER SAXONIES AND OTHERS

your fitting
your pattern
your suit

Summer, and every kind of suit that goes with it, has arrived at Austin Reed's. There are lightweight Saxonies and midweight Worsteds. There are single-breasted suits and double-breasted suits. There are suits in blues, in browns, in greys, in a wealth of new stripe patterns and in every individual fitting for no less than ninety-five of any hundred men

For our tailors work in advance, taking their time, in order that you may compare the colours and the patterns on their final merits—and so choose your suit without doubt or delay.

Summer-weight Saxonies and Worsteds: new stripe patterns; blues, browns and greys **7** and **8** GNS

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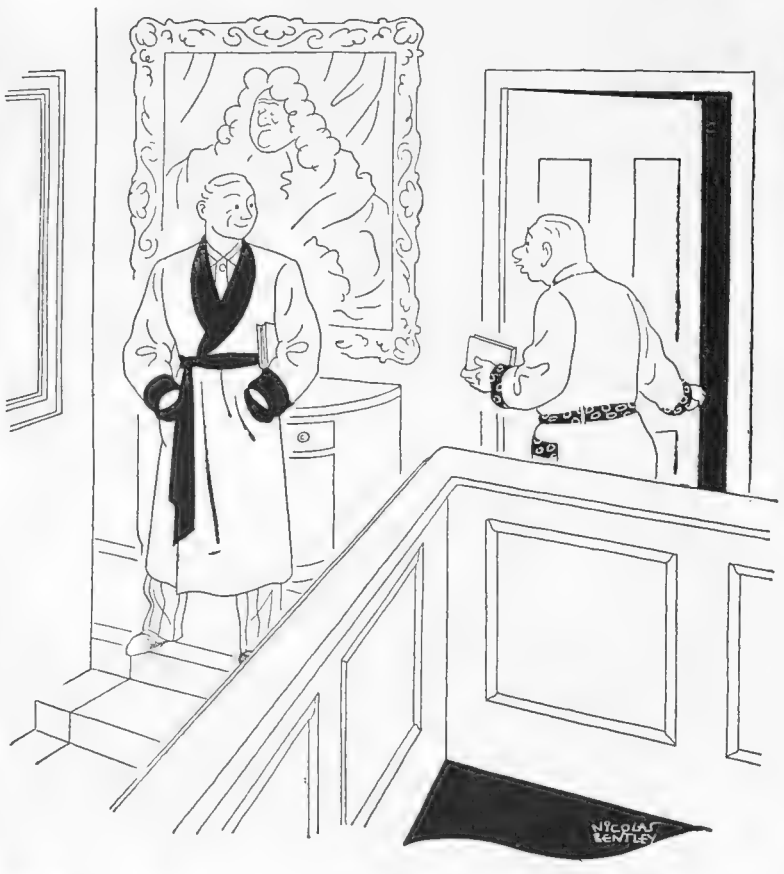
Mr Can't: *'I'm a martyr to sleeplessness!'*



Mr Can: *'That's because you're not a convert to* **Eno!'**

Sleepless nights! Do *you* have them? Do you lie tossing and turning—waiting for a weary, heavy-eyed tomorrow? If you were Mr Can, taking your Eno regularly every day, insomnia would never trouble you. Eno's 'Fruit Salt' is so good for sleeplessness—simply because it keeps the system free from irritating poisons. Healthy folk don't have bad nights! Nor should you. Take Eno every morning. When you're restless, try a little *at night* too—and enjoy peaceful, dreamless repose. Eno's "Fruit Salt" costs only 1/6 and (double quantity) 2/6 at all chemists.

Eno's 'Fruit Salt'

The words 'Eno' and 'Fruit Salt' are registered trade marks

FRANCO'S SPAIN *(Continued from page 47)*

Italy have tried the same dodge. At any rate, it is one of the factors favouring Spanish neutrality: this looking to tourists to supply some of the wherewithal required for the re-launching of a nation.

Let me interject the belief that there will not be any cannibalism among the chiefs, nor any bust-up between Falangists and Traditionalists, likely to hinder this re-launching. If a bust-up comes it should emerge from a generalised revolt against impossibly hard times inflicted by a junta that proves itself incapable of carrying through a stupendous task whose cement was too largely—blood.

Politically, the Falangists have won, and their leader, Suner, is copying almost everything German save the persecution of religion. Italy is not being copied so much as cultivated in such matters as mutual literary and artistic exchanges, the teaching of each other's language, development of school and tourist relations, and what banking and commercial reciprocity is possible. For example, the hitherto free ports of Spanish Morocco are to be linked in a "Mediterranean autarchy" with Italy.

The Traditionalists will have to be satisfied with being allowed their religion. That may sound extraordinary. Franco is so devout! And Suner! Let's get this right about Totalitarians and Religion. No matter what their trumpeted personal faith, dictators accommodate religion to their ideology. The last comes first all the time. Harbouring no Pope, Hitler can throw himself about more than Mussolini whose craftiest effort, however, may turn out to be his scoring through Religion.

As for Franco, he will use the Church all he can, to the extent of allowing it to minister amid respect and honour to a widely devout and superstitious people. But his intention is to eradicate it from public life and policy, and to cause some of its great wealth, to-day more abnormal than ever, to be swerved in friendly fashion towards national reconstruction.

A word about the military side. Franco wants Spain to "become a fortress, but a fortress for peace." He does not intend to plunge into any "mad adventures." We have heard that camouflage before. What Franco has set about with a will is the rearing of an armed might which he hopes, of course, not to have to use, but which will be there, across the Pyrenees, to back up Spanish diplomacy when it gets to the stage of asking for things.

The army will have concluded a half demobilisation from war strength (300,000 men) by the time this appears. But all officers and N.C.O.s with campaign experience are to be made regulars. Ex-Red units are even to be formed. Under strict discipline, and officered by their own kind, it is hoped to turn tens of thousands of former enemies into useful national material.

Franco hopes to get away with the fake that he is fighting encirclement—hence his use of the word "fortress" for the country as a whole—and he will further instil this notion in the popular fancy by fortifying the Pyrenees and coastal areas, chiefly for the present with guns left behind by the Axis. There is also the beginning of a propaganda that we intend (a) to invade from Gibraltar, (b) land an expeditionary force elsewhere.

Aircraft-factories are not to be established yet (cannot be). But the entire aerial system of war-time is to be maintained, extended, and improved, and gliding is to become the sport of honour of youth. Exactly the same thing conducted, in Germany, to the existence of numberless pilots well on the way to being able to take over war machines when these are delivered in heaps.

Franco can also rely on 700 machines bequeathed by the Axis, and these are to occupy aerodromes facing the Straits of Gibraltar, behind the Pyrenees, and along the Galician coast. The French are under no illusions, and I found through the Pyrenees constant evidence of intensive training-to-the-sectors that may have to be defended. Here, in this 6,000-ft. ancient fortress of Mt. Louis, are 2,000 Chasseurs up from Albi, and they are occupied from 1 a.m. onwards on manœuvres.

It was curious to come up from the valley, where trainloads bearing back Republican war material to Franco, passed day and night, to this outpost guarded by Frenchmen called up from civil life. One only hopes they will not one day be killed by that self-same material, sequel to more appeasement!

Black-outs and A.R.P. rehearsals are now nothing unusual in the bigger French centres below a line drawn from Bordeaux across to Nimes. A more delicate matter the French have to cope with is the existence of a "Fifth Column of Franco sympathisers in some of the French frontier areas.

As regards the navy, Franco comes from near Ferrol, and there, gunboat have already been laid down, forerunner of what it is hoped may be a first-class fleet, but for the moment to be confined to light vessels and submarines that can harass navies operating off the Spanish and Portuguese coasts and Spanish colonies.

That brings me to Franco's boast that he is going to resuscitate the Spanish Empire. As this would mean a clash with the United States, which took the latter bit, it might be wiser to substitute "Spanish Empire." Make no mistake this Spain's eyes are set on Africa first! So close at hand, so tempting, and fertile, so exploitable and settleable (by southern Spaniards, climatically akin to Arabs), so apparently difficult to defend if its present occupiers are sufficiently distracted in other directions.

One finds it difficult exactly to be amused by the crux of an article by Francisco Melgar, late Burgos Press Chief, in which he visualises Spain and Italy operating as a pincers upon North Africa.

You will say that Spain would take an awful toss if she quitted her accustomed neutrality? "Unless immediate overwhelming victory rewarded the Totalitarian States, Gen. Franco's Government would never be able to send another ship to sea, nor receive a salt-water cargo. They and their island possessions would be a target for powerful and indignant combatants." That is Mr. Churchill, for whom all hearing and admiration.

MOTORING NOTES *(Continued from page 68)*

The good old Guildford by-pass is still receiving attention from the road-menders. All along the gradient up to the Hog's Back on the Guildford side the road has been widened, and at least a dozen unnecessary broad islands have been planted in the middle. By no stretch of the imagination can their presence be attributed to the necessity of providing pedestrians with a safe half-way house because, with the exception of the small army of workmen engaged on the road works, I have scarcely ever seen more than a couple of pedestrians at any given moment along this particular stretch. One must assume, therefore, that their object is to keep traffic to the proper side of the road.

This is a most worthy object, but I venture to suggest that the string of islands is not the best way to achieve it. The islands are so closely placed that it would be exceedingly difficult to use the free space between any two for the purpose of overtaking any fast-moving vehicle. Anyone who attempted such a manœuvre would probably collide with the next island. In the interests of safety, these islands should be formed into one continuous strip. Undoubtedly this would entail additional expenditure but the extra amount would be a small fraction of the total sum now being spent on this rather unpleasant highway.

The modern motor car is such a reliable vehicle that many parts receive little or no attention until they collapse. Every car to-day is fitted with shock absorbers, the object of which is to damp down the springs so that the body with the occupants of the car does not bounce up and down in an unpleasant manner. Owing to the fact that these fittings gradually become slacker, due to negligence, the movement to which I refer is probably not noticed. The shock absorbers are tucked away under the body out of sight and so the average owner completely forgets about them. It is a good plan, therefore, to ask the local garage every now and again to check the working of the fitments.

ICH DIEN
BY APPOINTMENT TO THE PRINCE OF WALES 1936
BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. KING OF SWEDEN
BY APPOINTMENT TO THE PRINCE OF WALES 1936
ESTABLISHED 1863
LIQUEUR SCOTCH WHISKY
VAT 69
REGISTERED
Wm. Sanderson & Son. Ltd
DISTILLERS
LEITH, SCOTLAND
SANDERSON'S VAT 69
Quality Tells..
Sanderson's LUXURY BLEND SCOTCH WHISKY

THE ATTRACTION OF THE PYRENEES — Amid the mountains and foothills of the frontier range, one can discover all kinds of unexpected interest. Here are the white cattle being marketed at St. Gaudens, a little town of the Pyrenees, east of Tarbes

SPHERE TRAVEL BUREAU

FRANCE GETS THE TRAFFIC

An Inexhaustible Mine of Charm and Interest

"FRANCE—the best travel value in the world." The challenge, claim, slogan, or what you will, was pinned by a random shot into my young library of books and pamphlets concerning our near neighbour. It is franked by the French Government, and I have no inclination to dispute it. The number of people who have made up their minds to go there this year is convincing evidence in support of it.

Factors which fluctuate from year to year are now in France's favour, not the least important being the relationship of the franc to the pound, but more constant are the elements of romance and history, beauty and charm, food prepared as it should be, and wine at its best in the land which produces it.

My information is that in some parts of the country it will be extremely difficult to get accommodation during the next few weeks, and if you have not yet secured quarters, it is high time to be doing something about it. There are some travellers to whom the Channel crossing is no more than an irritatingly short water section involving luggage handling on the way to the south or to the eastern highlands.

Yet the French terminals are not only gateways to delightful holiday grounds, but in themselves have much interest. Dunkerque, Calais, Boulogne-sur-Mer, Dieppe, Le Havre, Cherbourg, and St. Malo, all mean something to the English mind, indeed they seem to come from the tongue as freely as the names of any of our own south coast ports. In themselves, they would make quite a nice itinerary. They are distinctive—is not Calais almost Flemish?—and their history is closely interwoven with our own. Between them are scores of lesser places; lesser perhaps only in the sense of maritime importance, for as holiday grounds they must eclipse some of the bigger ones.

The temptation is to linger along this coast-line, revelling in its beaches, sniffing its bracing breezes and pondering on its past, but I must not encourage too great a migration into that part, for it is there that the accommodation is approaching the state which the French call *complet*.

Let us turn our thoughts in other directions. There are many attractive centres down the Biscay coast, La Baule, around the mouth of the Garonne and among the pines of the Landes. Hendaye on the Spanish frontier is now linked with Paris by the longest electric service in the country, over 500 miles, and the completion of the electrification has enabled all services operating between the two points to be accelerated. The run from Paris to Bordeaux, for instance, now takes considerably under six hours for the 363 miles.

That route touches one of the most interesting parts of France, the valley of the Loire with its famous chateaux. This typical land of France, the home of many kings who left their mark in history, is full of gentleness and charm. Blois, Tours and Saumur are convenient centres from which to explore.

Another valley which amply rewards the traveller is the Dordogne. The river rising in the Massif Central traces a course through the plateaux in which it has cut deep gorges edged with thick forests and inaccessible rocks. Farther on there are famous caverns and grottoes worn by the river. There are leisurely old towns to be visited, Bretennoux, Saint-Céré, Collonges, Saint Emilion, the beautiful abbeys of Aubazine and Cadouin, fortified houses and chateaux. It is the land of fruitful vines and it has a great reputation in the realm of gastronomy.

The Pyrenees are more in the mind of travellers from these islands than ever, and it is a very good travel experience to make the journey from coast to coast. Each day brings a new panorama of mountain scenery and there are many delightful villages and spas at which you will want to halt. Lourdes, the great place of pilgrimage, should not be missed and having penetrated so far south do not come away without having a good look at Carcassonne, one of the most remarkable medieval towns in existence. It is not merely a fortress but a complete town with magnificent examples of military and religious architecture of many periods. The two rings of ramparts and the keep have nearly fifty towers. Carcassonne is on the line between Toulouse, city of commerce, art and interesting old streets, and Narbonne, renowned for its wine industry.

That brings us to the Mediterranean coast and in the next few weeks large resorts and small will be receiving considerable numbers from this country. They will find that French people also have a strong liking for this coast and my word of warning about accommodation certainly applies there. To my mind there is an added pleasure in being able to take a holiday among French people who are themselves on holiday. It intensifies the native atmosphere which, after all, is one of the conditions the real traveller seeks. On this occasion we may very well let this coast take care of itself and move up to parts I am anxious to say rather more about—Dauphiny and Savoy. Grenoble at the intersection of the two great valleys of the Isère and Drac, in a wonderful setting of mountains, is not only an attractive city in itself but an excellent centre for touring in this province of peaks and glaciers, rising tier upon tier right up to the Italian border.

In Savoy alone there are fifty places, and more, where you might stop for a time. You would like Annecy on the extremely beautiful lake which bears its name, Evian-les-Bains on Lake Leman, and Chamonix. Some places which you know as world famous before you see them fail to come up to expectations; Chamonix is not one of them. The resort itself can give you tranquillity or gaiety according to your mood but above all it is set in some of the world's most gorgeous mountain scenery.

Alsace and Lorraine is another attractive touring ground with Strasbourg as a very good centre. The steeple on one of the towers of its cathedral dominates the Alsatian plain. The cathedral, by the way, has just celebrated the five hundredth anniversary of its completion and dedication. At Wangen, one of the picturesque Alsatian villages, surrounded by medieval ramparts, there is a custom of pouring free wine from the village fountain. I am sorry to have to break the news that that occurs on only one day in the year —last Monday. Finally there is Paris. The thought of it in August may provoke a feigned gasp for breath. It is much the same as London in August and if some of our people do go away others come to see it. It gives a cheery welcome to many summer tourists and you will get your room there all right.

Beverley Brooke

AT THE SERVICE OF OUR READERS

"The Sphere's" Bureau of Travel Information

The Editor begs to remind his readers that the services of "The Sphere's" Travel Bureau are fully at their disposal. Inquiries by letter addressed to "The Sphere" Travel Bureau, 32–34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, will be promptly answered. Personal and telephone inquiries cannot, however, be accepted

Drawn by Percy Home

FINALLY, THERE IS PARIS . . . — An early morning impression of the Seine looking towards Notre Dame on its historic mid-river island

ST. MORITZ 6,000 ft.

SEASON—July, August, and September

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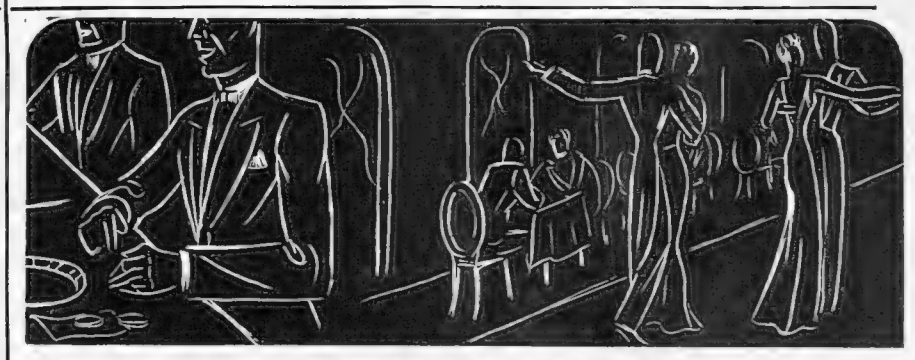

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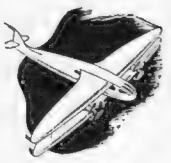

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(Under entirely new management)
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Your room (with a private bath) or your suite are ready for you now.
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In the lee of the Leas. *85 minutes from Town.*
Popular cocktail bar. Squash, Tennis, etc., adjoining. Lift. Softened Water. *Telephone: 2666.*

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Unique in Europe for Residence or Holidays
Over 500 ft. up on the Surrey Hills, yet only half an hour from the heart of London.
FREE GOLF ON PRIVATE 18-HOLE COURSE (6,430 yards) IN OWN PARK OF 230 ACRES.
Illustrated brochure free on request.

Full en pension with free service to station, magnificent solarium, billiards, tennis, swimming, dancing, squash rackets, electric gymnasium, all free. Riding. Games Host, Tennis and Golf Professionals. The ideal residence where congenial company and country house atmosphere can always be found. Hot and cold water, telephone and radiator in every room. Over 150 rooms, the majority with private bathroom. Moderate inclusive terms.
SELSDON COURT HOTEL, in same park, at first tee of Golf Course. Inclusive summer terms from 5 gns. per week.

Grand Suggestion . . .
A week at the GRAND, TORQUAY, at this time of year and you'll feel *really* better.
A room bathed in sunshine . . . private bath . . . breakfast in bed.
A stroll along the waterfront . . . no hills to climb. Or a run over Dartmoor in the car . . . scenery superb.
In the afternoon, a round of Golf, a court for Squash or Tennis—all free, of course. Back to dinner in the Grand manner or well-cooked Grill, if you like. Then dance to Harry Evans and his Band and
You're beginning to feel GRAND.
Moral: A week at the Grand is better than a month in a nursing home . . . and cheaper.
For details write: R. Paul, Manager.
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Our visitors suggest we add another slogan—"The Hotel of Comfort"—because of its restful appointments. Here you will appreciate not only the comforts of a well-appointed hotel, but the efforts of a really good chef.
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Inclusive from 4 gns. *Descriptive brochure with pleasure.*

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SUITES. 130 rooms. Four star A.A. and a perfect position.
Terms from 6 guineas for July and August.
Write for Brochure now or telephone WHITBY 125.

In Quest of

Do not By-pass Exeter when Going to Will Make it Worth-while—A Mixed

MY correspondence from regular readers of this weekly feature is steadily on the up grade, and as certain inquiries tend to recur I may perhaps lighten my load, and deplete the post office revenue, by serving up this week a mixed grill of items based on recent letters.

Westward Bound.—Those who are visiting Devon and Cornwall this year will make a grave mistake if, in hurrying to reach their destination, they make use of the new road which by-passes Exeter. Here is one of our most interesting cathedral cities which teems with historic interest. Write to the Official Information Bureau, Queen Street, Exeter, for a copy of the local official guide. It will whet your appetite to stop in Exeter, not only for a few hours but at least a night. Stay at the Royal Clarence in the quiet of the Cathedral Close. It is an old country house full of character, and yet at the same time is bang up to date as regards modern comforts. Its grill room is famous, and a new cocktail lounge is now being built which I hear will be the last word in attractiveness.

To Scotland via the West.—Good hotels are infrequent, hence all the more reason to arrange your time to be able to fit in a night at the Clifton Arms Hotel at Lytham St. Annes, which is only 14 miles off the main road from Preston. The Clifton Arms is the last word in hotel comfort, cooking and efficiency. Not many people take the trouble to write and thank me for putting them on to a good thing, yet I get many letters of appreciation from those whom I have introduced to the Clifton Arms, Lytham St. Annes. Even if you can only stop for a meal ask Mr. J. Heritier, the manager, to show you round, especially the bedrooms. Mr. Heritier has something to be proud of.

On Deeside.—You will not do better than select the Fife Arms, Braemar, a typical Scottish hotel which combines tradition with true regard for the needs of the traveller to-day. Braemar is the centre of a district which should not be hurried over, and the Fife Arms will serve you well as headquarters.

A London Hotel.—The country is coming to town! I have received a sheaf of inquiries as regards where to stay in London, especially from families as far afield as the north of Scotland, who want to come to London sightseeing and be central. Stanhope Court Hotel, Stanhope Gardens, South Kensington, S.W.7, is one such hotel. Close to South Kensington Station and to bus routes, Piccadilly is but a ten minutes' ride. Further, it is an hotel which is quiet, and being one of the M.F. North group of London hotels the charges from 4 guin[illegible]

A Bathroom to every Bedroom . . .
How many country hotels can boast such an amenity? It is just an example of what you may expect of life at
GROVE HALL HOTEL TWYFORD - BERKS -
A delightful country house, surrounded by flower gardens and a park: 34 miles from London by road, 37 minutes by train. Here you will find pleasant company in congenial surroundings at moderate prices. Tennis, Squash and Golf (Sonning 18-hole course). Telephone: Twyford 106.
Inclusive terms from 4 gns.

SCOTLAND

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Room with bathroom and breakfast from **12/6**
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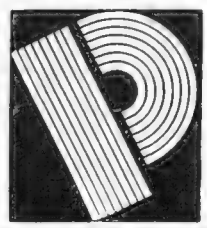
The Jolliest Holiday Place in Europe!



It's in the air among the Pines, the tonic of Peebles Hydro, the jolliest holiday place in Europe, where Tennis, Golf or any game has double the enjoyment. Swimming or plunging in the pool has double the fun, and the pleasure of dancing or dining to the Hydro Band is seldom equalled on the Continent of Europe. Spend your holiday this year at Peebles Hydro; non-stop programme of holiday pleasure; Sunday Golf. Wherever you go you'll not enjoy it more; cuisine and wines unexcelled. It has health and abundance to give you—600 ft. up in the hill-pine air. All roads lead to Peebles for pleasure.
Write for Illustrated Tariff; it's free.
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PEEBLES, SCOTLAND. **Telephone: Peebles 2**

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The Heart of Highland Scenery, standing 1,150 ft. above sea level.
Every comfort—every luxury—perfect service.
H. and C. water in Bedrooms.
Golf — Tennis — Salmon Fishing — Mountaineering — Dancing occasionally.
'Phone 214. **Appointed R.A.C., R.S.A.C., A.A.** *Manager: R. U. Shand.*

Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

Devon and Cornwall, the Royal Clarence

Bag of Answers to Correspondents

a week inclusive represent very good value for money. Cleanliness, cuisine and comfort are the three outstanding characteristics of this well-managed hotel.

The "Best" Hotels in Sidmouth?—There are many definitions of best, but where quality and size go hand in hand you will not better the Fortfield or the Victoria Hotels. Both offer a wide range of luxury accommodation, and such is Sidmouth's genial weather that they both enjoy an all the year round season.

Ross on Wye.—Here is a centre which teems with hotels and guest houses, and I pity the poor motorist who has to make a choice without a guiding hand. To save you the embarrassment of walking in and then walking out, murmuring something to the effect that you may be coming back, here are two hotels that I can recommend without any hesitation. Mount Craig Hotel. What a situation! Down in the valley lies the River Wye and in the far distance the Welsh hills. Inside the hotel there is nothing more one could wish for. Incidentally, it would make a perfect winter home, with its sun lounge, its comfort and its happy, homely atmosphere. For 4½ guineas a week you can live, and be at peace with the world.

Galen Lodge. Here is a smaller place, where you can be very comfortable from 4 guineas. I have heard it said that the lady who runs it will never make her fortune, because one is fed so sumptuously. It is a well-built and warm house and there is a very pretty garden. It is built on the red sandstone soil which is so common in these parts, and it is, incidentally, well suited to rheumatic people.

Edinburgh.—I am getting quite a number of bouquets for recommending the New Carlton Hotel. A bedroom with private bath and breakfast represents very good value there at 12s. 6d. The grill room is first-class and reasonable. For the benefit of those who like perching themselves on a stool they have opened a new cocktail bar. The New Carlton is just the other side of the North Bridge and is but a minute's walk from Princes Street. For those who prefer a more homely type of hotel in a very quiet neighbourhood, I can recommend the Alison Hotel in Melville Crescent. If you want a very comfortable hotel just outside Edinburgh, the Braid Hills Hotel is very popular.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor, THE SPHERE, *32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Personal and telephone inquiries, however, cannot be accepted.*

SCOTLAND—*continued.*

EDINBURGH THE ALISON HOTEL
Melville Crescent

Equipped with modern conveniences which make for comfort and prompt service. Centrally situated.

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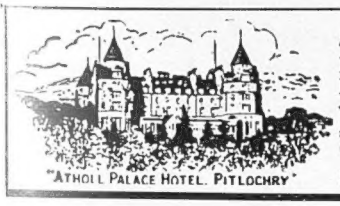
et high above the HIGHWAY to the HIGHLANDS . . .

and overlooking the hills of Perthshire, is this modern Hotel Hydro. A holiday centre in itself it is complete with swimming pool, golf, tennis, bowling, cinema and dancing. The comfort, cuisine, cellar and services are beyond reproach. Terms and illustrated brochure from A. P. Tregenna, Resident Manager. Managing Director, R. Gillies.

UNBLANE HOTEL HYDRO, Dunblane, Perthshire, Scotland

Telephone: Dunblane 3161 (3 lines).



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Situated on the Firth of Forth, overlooking sea and Golf Course. 23 miles from Edinburgh, and within easy reach of Scotland's most famous beauty spots. Every facility for outdoor and indoor enjoyment awaits the visitor. Hot and cold water in all bedrooms. Many private suites. Garage in grounds. Illustrated Tariff on application. Manager, W. A. THIEM. *Telephone 366.*

THE SPHERE REGISTER OF HOTELS

The majority of these hotels are personally known to our Hotel Correspondent, Mr. Ashley Courtenay, who will be pleased to give further details regarding them to readers who write to him, c/o "The Sphere."

ENGLAND

Aldeburgh.—Wentworth Hotel. Tel. 312 & 313.
Bath.—The Empire.
Bath.—Lansdown Grove Hotel.
Bath (Near).—Limpley Stoke Hotel.
Bath.—Pulteney Hotel. Tel. 3281, 3282, 3283.
Bath.—Grand Pump Room Hotel. Bath 3266.
Bexhill-on-Sea.—Hotel Riposo. Tel. 472.
Blackpool.—The Headlands. A.A. and R.A.C.
Blackpool.—The Metropole.
Bognor Regis.—Royal Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 40.
Boscastle (Corn.)—Welltown Manor Guest Hse.
Bournemouth.—Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5.
Bournemouth.—Canford Cliffs Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Hinton Firs Hotel.
Bridport.—Battlecombe Guest House Hotel.
Brighton (Rottingdean).—Tudor Close Hotel.
Brighton (Saltdean).—Ocean Hotel.
Brighton.—Royal Crescent Hotel. Brighton 4171.
Brixham.—Berry Head House Hotel. Tel. 3314.
Budleigh Salterton.—Rosemullion Hotel.
Bushey.—Bushey Hall Hotel.
Cambridge.—Blue Boar Hotel. Tel. 3030.
Chipping Campden.—Cotswold House Hotel.
Clacton-on-Sea.—Grosvenor Court.
Cromer.—Overstrand Hotel. Overstrand 229.
Crowborough.—The Crest Hotel.
Dover.—St. Margaret's Bay Hotel.
Dulverton.—Carnarvon Arms.
Dulverton (Som.).—Woodcote Hotel. Tel. 129.
East Wittering.—Shore Hotel.
Exeter.—Royal Clarence Hotel.
Falmouth.—Greenbank Hotel.
Folkestone.—Princes Hotel. Telephone 2666.
Folkestone.—Queen's Hotel. Telephone 2219.
Frinton.—Grand Hotel.
Goring-on-Thames.—The Bull. Tel. Goring 57.
Grassington.—The Devonshire Hotel. Tel. 25
Hailsham (Sussex).—Woodside Hotel. Tel. 57.
Harrogate.—The Cairn Hydro. Tel. 4005.
Harrogate.—Granby Hotel. Tel. 3046.
Harrogate.—The Grand Hotel. Telephone 4631.
Harrogate.—Prospect Hotel.**** Tel. 3015.
Harrogate.—St. George Hotel.
Hastings.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 201.
Hove.—Dudley Hotel. Completely modernised.
Leatherhead.—The Red House Hotel.
Lyme Regis.—Hotel Alexandra. Tel. 10.
Lynton.—Valley of Rocks Hotel.
Lytham St. Annes.—Clifton Arms Hotel.
Malvern.—Malvern House Hotel. Tel. Malvn 338
Manchester.—Bowdon Hydro.
Matlock.—Smedley's Hydro. Tel. 17 (3 lines).
Midhurst.—Spread Eagle Hotel.
Newquay.—Hotel Bristol. On sea front. Tel. 2857
Newquay.—Headland Hotel. Tel. Newquay 2211.
Newton Ferrers (S. Devon).—Sheiling Gst. Hse.
Ockham.—The Hautboy. Ripley 20.
Oxford.—Mitre Hotel. Tel. 2335 and 3840.
Oxford.—Randolph Hotel. Tel. 2251 (2 lines).
Polzeath (N. Cornwall).—Dorrit Hotel.
Ramsgate.—The Granville.
Salisbury.—Old George Hotel. Tel. 3189.
Sanderstead (Surrey).—Selsdon Park Hotel.
Scarborough.—The Grand. 'Phone: 1053.
Sidmouth.—The Torbay Hotel.
Stow-on-the-Wold.—Talbot Hotel.
Stratford-on-Avon.—The Arden Hotel.
St. Austell.—Fairmead Hotel. Tel. 76.
Taunton (Somerset).—Castle Hotel. Tel. 2671.
Torquay.—Grand Hotel.
Torquay.—Headland Hotel.
Torquay.—Roslin Hall Hotel. Tel. 4373 (2 lines)
Torquay.—Templestowe Hotel. Tel. 235811.
Torquay.—The Torquay Hydro Hotel. Tel. 2207.

ENGLAND—*continued*

Torquay.—Lincombe Hall. Tel. 2302.
Torquay.—Palm Court Hotel.
Treyarnon Bay (Cornwall).—Waterbeach Hote.
Tunbridge Wells.—The Spa Hotel.
Twyford (Berks.).—Grove Hall Hotel. Tel. 106.
West Wickham (Kent).—Wickham Court Hotel.
Whitby.—Royal Hotel.
Weymouth.—Royal Hotel. Tels. 627 & 628.

GREAT NORTH ROAD

(Figures in brackets show mileage from London)

Catterick (229).—Bridge House Hotel.
Sutton-on-Trent (133¾).—Old England Hotel.

ENGLISH LAKES

Keswick.—Queen's Hotel.
Keswick.—Borrowdale Hotel. Borrowdale 24.
Keswick.—Royal Oak Hotel.

LONDON

Ambassadors Hotel. W.C.1. Tel. Euston 1456.
Bailey's Hotel, Gloucester Road, S.W.7.
Bryan House, Blackheath, S.E.3.
Kensington Palace Mansions Htl. W.8. Wes. 812
S. Kensington Htl., Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7
United Services Hotel, S.W.7. Tel. Wes. 7131.

SCOTLAND

Braemar.—Fife Arms Hotel.
Callander.—Dreadnought Hotel.
Callander.—Palace Hotel.
Dunblane.—Dunblane Hydro.
Edinburgh.—The Alison Hotel. Tel. 31295.
Edinburgh.—New Carlton Hotel.
Fife.—The Lundin Links Hotel. Tel. 7.
Gairloch (Ross-shire).—The Gairloch Hotel.
Grantown-on-Spey.—Grant Arms Hotel.
Glen o'Dee (Banchory).—Royal Deeside Hotel.
North Berwick.—Marine Hotel.
Oban.—Alexandra Hotel.
Onich.—Creagdhu Hotel.
Peebles.—Peebles Hydro.
Perthshire.—Amulree Hotel, Sma' Glen.
Perthshire.—Atholl Palace Hotel, Pitlochry.
Perthshire.—Trossachs Hotel, Loch Katrine.
Perth.—Station Hotel.
Pitlochry.—Pitlochry Hydro.
Rothesay.—Glenburn Hotel.
Skelmorlie.—Skelmorlie Hydro.
Stranraer.—Auld King's Arms.
Tomintoul (Banffshire).—Richmond Arms Htl.
Troon.—Marine Hotel.

CHANNEL ISLANDS

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Rosapenna (Co. Donegal).—Rosapenna Hotel.

THE SUCCESS OF THE FRENCH FILM

(*Continued from page* 61)

When I questioned Renoir on his impressions of the American film industry he merely stated that he had no desire to work in Hollywood where subjects commonly of foreign theme are produced with careless irrelevance. He cited the example of a famous American film (the story was based on the heroism of the British army in India) which was shown in Europe about two years ago. He considered it a failure because it contained so many errors.

He had had many offers, he told me, and one well-known American producer had begged him to direct a South Sea Island picture. Renoir replied that it was out of the question, as he could not afford to spend many months out in the Pacific studying atmosphere and setting, a complete familiarity of which would be necessary for an exact and faithful interpretation on the screen.

The other day I went to the Billancourt studios, right the other side of Paris, to see Carné direct *Le Jour se lève*. These studios are not so large as those at Joinville but there is quite as much activity. I found the atmosphere different. The place was like a beehive and everyone seemed to be busy with some individual occupation. Prevert and Viot, the scenario writers, conducted me through a heavily padded door on to the wings of the set. Little notice is ever taken of the red light which is lit outside when shooting is in progress and which forbids entrance. I had to pick my way cautiously over ropes and insulated tubing and tip-toe past the vigilant fireman (smoking is forbidden, but no notice is taken of that either) asleep in a discarded Empire arm-chair. I eventually came upon the set where Carné was busily engaged instructing Jules Berry and Arletty how to interpret their parts. The leading lady, Jacqueline Laurent, a promising new star, was looking on. Near by, Jean Gabin was lounging back, his feet up on two chairs, his hands deep in his pockets, a cigarette in the corner of his mouth and his hat pulled down over his eyes. There is no affectation about Gabin. He is just the simple fellow we see on the screen.

At first glance there seemed to be such a confusion and noise, carpenters hammering in the wings, electricians testing lamps, the script girl calling out from the far end of the room, and the general discussion going on, that I wondered how on earth they managed to do any filming at all. But suddenly there became order when "silence" was called out, then *moteur*. The shot was repeated.

Carné, still not satisfied, listened to various criticisms which seemed to come from everyone. It was tried over again.

There is little doubt that the French film industry would fail were it to become state controlled. Happily, the independent French companies are at liberty to produce whatever they like. It is only when the film is ready for public presentation that it is judged by the censor. This, naturally, promotes experiment and inspires confidence. Marcel Carné and Jean Renoir are successful artists for the reason that their works are very personal. The films they direct bear the stamp of their own authority.

A FORTHCOMING MARRIAGE: A recent picture of Mr. O. E. Crosthwaite Eyre and the Baroness Marie Puthon, whose wedding is to take place next Saturday. Mr. Eyre is a director of Eyre and Spottiswoode Limited, H.M. Printers, and his bride-to-be is the elder daughter of the Director of the Salzburg Musical Festival

OIL—THE NEW POWER WHICH HAS GRIPPED THE WORLD

(*Continued from page* 62)

507,000; Japan, 360,000. The British Empire produces 6,880,000 tons. You can draw your own moral. So what?

The oil industry is in the hands of great concerns run on private capital. You might say the governments of the world, or as an idealistic view, a mutual government, or board, should control this invaluable product. The ideal is out of reach, and meantime the companies, while rivals, work for the good of the industry with astonishing elasticity, and impartiality.

In America oil gushes in a hundred thousand backyards and small farms. I think I have oil on my land—it may be only one acre in extent. There is oil down there. You, next door, immediately make a boring, and between us we waste the gas which forces the oil to the surface. In no time there will be 100 derricks within a square mile, 100 small tanks filling with "liquid gold." Shops, houses, streets may be built around, but the oil mines remain.

When I mentioned to a friend that I was going to write about oil his first remark was, "And is it true that we shall run out in fourteen years?" He is a hard-headed business man, and I was able to scotch the story, which is as widespread as that of Russian troops passing through England in the war; it has even reached Parliament. Believe me, on expert advice, I can say there is never likely to be a shortage in our life-time, in that of our children, and for generations after that. In fact, as far as can be visualised, never. The trouble is that the public has learned that the "reserve" in America would last fourteen years—actually the figure is now seventeen years. But that is only the "proved" reserve, in other words what they know is in the present producing fields and is worth bringing to the surface. No account is taken of new fields, by the hundreds, to be discovered nor the methods of increasing the value of present yields.

In the last few years the proportion of oil going to waste has diminished from three-quarters to a quarter.

In short the reserve people talk about is a proved reserve, that is, the working stock of the industry. It might interest the scare talkers to know that whereas fourteen years ago there was only fourteen years "reserve," these proved reserves have risen in that time from 5,000,000,000 to 17,348,000,000. And there is nothing to show that all over the world millions of millions of millions of tons of oil are not still available. Certainly no producing country at the moment has shown any anxiety about running dry.

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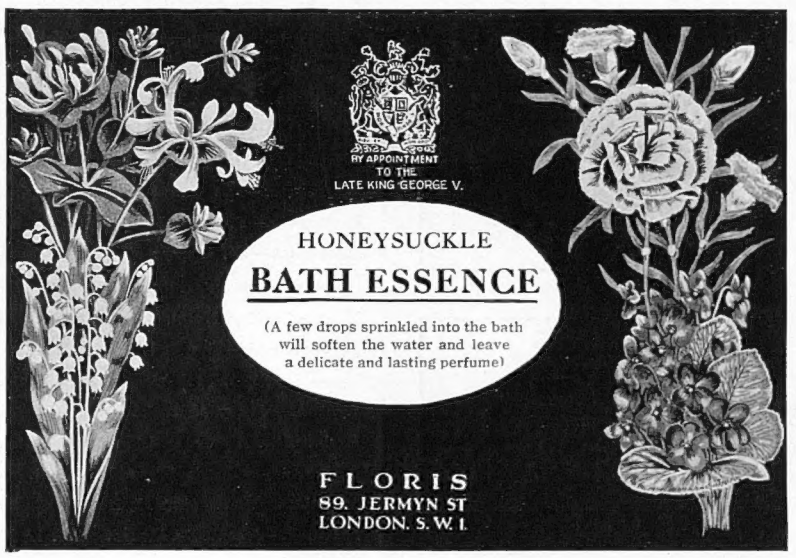

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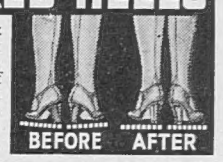

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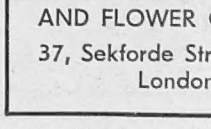

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